2812

THE SIEGE OF RHODES

Made a Repreſentation by the Art of Proſpective in Scenes, And the Story ſung in *Recitative* Muſick.

At the Cock-Pit in *DRURY* Lane.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk in the *New-Exchange*, 1659.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE
BEQUEST
1869

To the Reader.

I May receive disadvantage by this Address design'd for excuses; for it will too hastily put you in mind that errors are not far off when excuses are at hand; this refers to our Representation: and some may be willing to be led to find the blemishes of it; but would be left to their own conduct to discover the beauties, if there be any. Yet I may forewarn you that the defects which I intend to excuse are chiefly such, as you cannot reform but only with your Purse; that is, by building us a larger Room; a design which we began and shall not be left for you to finish, because we have observ'd that many who are liberal of their understanding when they would issue it out towards discovery of imperfections, have not alwayes Money to expend in things necessary towards the making up of perfection.

It has been often wisht that our Scenes (we having oblig'd our selves to the variety of Five changes, according to the Ancient Drammatick distinctions made for time) had not been

confin'd to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the places of paſſage reſerv'd for the Muſick. This is ſo narrow an allowance for the Fleet of *Solyman* the Magnicent, his Army, the Iſland of *Rhodes*, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City; that I fear you will think, we invite you to ſuch a contracted Trifle as that of the *Cæſars* carv'd upon a Nut.

As theſe Limits have hinder'd the ſplendor of our Scene, ſo we are like to give no great ſatisfaction in the quantity of our Argument, which is in ſtory very copious; but ſhrinks to a ſmall narration here, becauſe we could not convey it by more then ſeven Perſons; being conſtrain'd to prevent the length of *Recitative* Muſick, as well as to conſerve, without incumbrance, the narrowneſs of the place. Therefore you cannot expect the chief Ornaments belonging to a Hiſtory Drammatically digeſted into Turns and Counter-turns, to double Walks, and interweavings of deſign.

This is expreſt to forbid your exceſs of expectation; but we muſt take care not to deterr you from the hope of ſome ſatisfaction; for that

were

were, not only to hang out no Bush, but likewise to shut up our Doors. Therefore, as you have heard what kind of excellencies you should not expect: So I will in brief (I hope without vanity) give you encouragement, by telling you, there are some things at least excusable which you may resolve to meet.

We conceive, it will not be unacceptable to you if we recompence the narrowness of the Room, by containing in it so much as could be conveniently accomplisht by Art and Industry: which wil not be doubted in the Scenes by those who can judg that kind of Illustration & know the excellency of Mr. *John Web*, who design'd and order'd it. The Musick was compos'd, and both the Vocal and Instrumental is exercis'd by the most transcendent of *England* in that Art, & perhaps not unequal to the best masters abroad; but being *Recitative*, and therefore unpractis'd here; though of great reputation amongst other Nations, the very attempt of it is an obligation to our own. The Story represented (which will not require much apology because it expects but little praise) is Heroical, and not withstanding the continual hurry and busie a-

gitations

tations of a hot Siege, is (I hope) intelligibly convey'd to advance the Characters of Vertue in the ſhapes of Valour and conjugal Love. And though the main Argument hath but a ſingle Walk, yet perhaps the movings of it will not ſeem unpleaſant. You may inquire, being a Reader, why in an heroick Argument my numbers are ſo often diverſify'd and fall into ſhort fractions; conſidering that a continuation of the uſual length of *Engliſh* verſe would appear more Heroical in reading. But when you are an Auditor you will finde that in this, I rather deſerve approbation then need excuſe; for frequent alterations of meaſure (which cannot be ſo unpleaſant to him that reads as troubleſome to him that writes) are neceſſary to *Recitative* Muſick for variation of *Ayres*. If what I have ſaid, be taken for excuſes, I have my intent; becauſe excuſes are not always ſigns of Error, but are often modeſt explanations of things that might otherwiſe be miſtaken. But I have ſaid ſo much to vindicate my ſelf from having occaſion to be excus'd for the *Poem*, that it brings me at laſt to ask pardon for the length of the *Epiſtle*.

Auguſt 17. 1656. *Will. D'avenant.*

The Persons Represented.

Solyman	The Magnificent.
Villerius	Grand Master of *Rhodes*.
Alphonso	A *Cicilian* Duke.
Admiral	Of *Rhodes*:
Pirrhus	Bassa.
Mustapha	Bassa.
Ianthe	Wife to *Alphonso*.

The Scene,

RHODES.

The SIEGE OF RHODES.

THe Ornament which encompaſs'd the Scene, conſiſted of ſeveral Columns, of groſs Ruſtick work; which bore up a large Freeſe. In the middle of the Freeſe was a Compartiment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartiment was ſupported by divers Habiliments of War; intermix'd with the Military Enſignes of thoſe ſeveral Nations who were famous for defence of that Iſland; which were the *French*, *Germans*, and *Spaniards*, the *Italians*, *Avergnois*, and *Engliſh*: The Renown of the Engliſh valour made the Grand Maſter *Villerius*, to ſelect their Station to be moſt frequently commanded by himſelf. The principal enrichment of the

Freese was a Crimson Drapery, whereon severall Trophies of Arms were fixt, Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper cognisance of the Order of the *Rhodian* Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the *Ottomans*.

The Scene before the First Entry:

THe Curtain being drawn up, a lightsome Sky appear'd, discov'ring a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdures naturally growing upon such Scituations; and afar off, the true Prospect of the City RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate: with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part of

of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was repreſented the Turkiſh Fleet making towards a Promontory ſome few miles diſtant from the Town.

The ENTRY *is prepared by Inſtrumental Muſick.*

The Firſt Entry.

Enter *Admiral.*

Admir. ARm, Arm, *Villerius,* Arm!
Thou haſt no leiſure to grovv old;
Thoſe novv muſt feel thy courage warm,
VVho think thy blood is cold.

Enter *Villerius.*

Viller. Our Admiral from Sea?
VVhat ſtorme tranſporteth thee?
Or bring'ſt thou ſtormes that can do more
Then drive an Admiral on ſhore?
Admir. Arm, Arm, the *Baſſa*'s Fleet appears;
To *Rhodes* his Courſe from *Chios* ſteers;
Her ſhady vvings to diſtant ſight,
Spread like the Curtains of the Night.
Each Squadron thicker and ſtill darker grovvs;
The Fleet like many floating Forreſts ſhovvs.

Viller. Arm, Arm! Let our Drums beat
To all our Out-Guards, a Retreat;
And to our Main Guards add
Files double lin'd from the Parade.
Send Horſe to drive the Fields;
Prevent what rip'ning Summer yeilds.
To all the Foe would ſave
Set fire, or give a ſecret Grave.
Admir. I'le to our Gallies haſte,
Untackle ev'ry Maſt;
Hale 'em within the Peer,
To range and chain 'em there,
And then behind St *Nic'las* Cliffs
Shelter our Brigants, Land our Skiffs.
Viller. Our Field and Bulwark-Cannon mount with haſte;
Fix to their Blocks their brazen bodies faſt:
Whilſt to the Foe their Iron Entrails fly:
Diſplay our Colours, raiſe our Standard high! *Exit Adm.*

Enter *Alphonſo.*

Alpon. What various Noiſes do mines ears invade?
And have a Conſort of confuſion made?
The ſhriller Trumpet, and tempeſtuous Drum:
The deaf'ning clamor from the Canons wombe;
VVhich through the Air like ſuddain Thunder breaks,
Seems calm to Souldiers ſhouts and Womens ſhrieks.
VVhat danger (Rev'rend Lord) does this portend?
Viller. Danger begins what muſt in honour end.
Alphon. What Vizards does it wear?
Viller. Such, gentle Prince,
As cannot fright, but yet muſt warn you hence.
What can to *Rhodes* more fatally appear
Then the bright Creſcents which thoſe Enſigns vvear?
Wiſe Emblems that encreaſing Empire ſhow;
Which muſt be ſtill in Nonage and ſtill grow.
All theſe are yet but the forerunning *Van*

Of

Of the prodigious *Groſs* of *Solyman*.

Alphon. Pale ſhew thoſe Creſcents to our bloody Croſs!
Sink not the Weſtern Kingdoms in our loſs?
Will not the *Auſtrian* Eagle moult her Wings,
That long hath hover'd o're the *Gallick* Kings?
Whoſe Lilies too vvill vvither when we fade;
And 'th' Engliſh Lyon ſhrink into a ſhade.

Viller. Thou ſee'ſt not, vvhilſt ſo young and guiltleſſe too,
That Kings mean ſeldom vvhat their States-men do,
Who meaſure not the compaſs of a Crown
To fit the Head that vvears it but their ovvn;
Still hind'ring peace, becauſe they Stevvards are,
Without accompt, to that vvild Spender, War.
Still Chriſtian Wars they vvill purſue, and boaſt
Unjuſt ſucceſſes gain'd, vvhilſt *Rhodes* is loſt:
Whilſt vve build Monuments of Death, to ſhame
Thoſe vvho forſook us in the Chaſe of Fame.

Alphon. We vvill endure the Colds of Court-delays;
Honour grovvs vvarm in Airy Veſts of Praiſe.
On Rocky *Rhodes* vve vvill like Rocks abide:

Viller. Away, away, and haſten to thy Bride!
'Tis ſcarce a Month ſince from thy Nuptial Rites
Thou cam'ſt to honour here our *Rhodian* Knights:
To dignifie our ſacred annual Feaſt:
We love to Lodge, not to entombe a Gueſt.
Honour muſt yield where Reaſon ſhould prevail.
A Board, A board, and hoyſe up ev'ry Sail
What gathers any Wind for *Cicilie*!
Men loſe their Virtu's Pattern loſing thee.
Thy Bride doth yield her Sex no leſs a Light:
But, thy life gone, will ſet in endleſs Night.
Ye muſt like Stars ſhine long er'e ye expire!

Alphon. Honour, is colder Vertue ſet on fire:
My honour loſt, her Love would ſoon decay:
Here for my Tombe or Triumph I will ſtay.
My Sword againſt proud *Solyman* I draw,
His curſed Prophet and his ſenſual Law.

Our

Chorus, Our Swords againſt proud *Solyman* we draw,
His curſed Prophet and his ſenſual Law. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.
By Souldiers of ſeveral Nations.

1. Come ye termagant *Turks*,
If your *Baſſa* dare Land ye,
Whilſt the Wine bravely works
That was brought us from *Candy*.

2. Wealth, the leaſt of our care is,
For the Poor ne'r are undone;
A vous, Monſieur of *Paris*,
To the Back-Swords of *London*.

3. *Diego*, thou, in a trice,
Shalt advance thy lean Belly.
For their Hens and their Rice
Make *Pillau* like a jelly.

4. Let 'em Land fine and free;
For my Cap though an old one,
Such a Turbant ſhall be,
Thou wilt think it a Gold one.

5. It is ſeven to one odds,
They had ſafer ſail'd by us:
VVhilſt our Wine laſts in *Rhodes*.
They ſhall water at *Chios*.

End of the firſt Entry.

The Scene is chang'd, and the City, Rhodes, *appears beleaguer'd at Sea and Land.*

The Entry is again prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick.

The Second Entry.

Enter *Villerius* and *Admiral.*

Admir. THe blood of *Rhodes* grows cold! Life muſt expire!
Viller. The Duke ſtill warms it with his valours fire!
Admir. If he has much in Honours preſence done,
Has ſav'd our Enſigns or has others won,
Then he but well by your Example wrought;
Who well in Honours School his Child-hood taught,
Viller. The Foe three Moons tempeſtuouſly has ſpent
Where we will never yield nor he relent;
Still we, but raiſe what muſt be beaten down;
Defending Walls, yet cannot keep the Town;
Vent'ring laſt Stakes where we can nothing vvin;
And, ſhutting ſlaughter out, keep Famine in.
Admir. How oft and vainly *Rhodes* for ſuccour waits
From triple Diadems, and Scarlet Hats?
Rome keeps her Gold, cheaply her VVarriours pays,
At firſt vvith Bleſſings, and at laſt vvith praiſe.
Viller. By Armies, ſtovv'd in Fleets, exhauſted *Spain*
Leaves half her Land unplough'd, to plough the Main;
And ſtill vvould more of the old World ſubdue,
As if unſatisfi'd vvith all the Nevv.

France

Admir. *France* ſtrives to have her Lilies grow as fair
In others Realms as where they Native are.
Viller. The *Engliſh Lyon* ever loves to change
His Walks, and in remoter Forreſts range.
Chorus. All gaining vainly from each others loſſe;
Whilſt ſtill the *Creſcent* drives away the *Croſs*.

Enter *Alphonſo*.

Alphon. 1. How bravely fought the fiery *French*,
Their Bulwark being ſtorm'd?
The colder *Almans* kept their Trench,
By more then Valour warm'd.

2. The grave *Italians* paus'd and fought,
The ſolemn *Spaniards* too;
Study'ng more Deaths then could be wrought
By what the raſh could do.

3. Th' *Avergnian* Colours high were rais'd,
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.
Our Foes, like friends to Valour, prais'd
The miſchiefs they receiv'd.

4. The cheerfull *Engliſh* got renown;
Fought merrily and faſt:
'Tis time, they cry'd to mow them down,
Wars Harveſt cannot laſt.

5. If Death be reſt, here let us dye,
Where wearineſs is all
We dayly get by Victory,
Who muſt by Famine fall.

6. Great *Solyman* is landed now;
All Fate he ſeems to be;
And brings thoſe Tempeſts in his Brow
Which he deſerv'd at Sea.

He

Viller. He can at moſt but once prevail,
Though arm'd with Nations that were brought by more
Groſs Gallies then would ſerve to hale
This Iſland to the *Lycian* Shore.
Adm. Let us apace do worthily and give
Our Story length, though long we cannot live.
Chorus. So greatly do, that being dead,
Brave Wonders may be wrought
By ſuch as ſhall our Story read
And ſtudy how we fought. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Solyman, Pirrhus.*

Soly. What ſudden halt hath ſtay'd thy ſwift Renown;
O're-running Kingdoms, ſtopping at a Town?
He that will win the Prize in Honours Race
Muſt nearer to the Gole ſtill mend his pace.
If Age thou feel'ſt, the active Camp forbear;
In ſleepy Cities reſt, the Caves of fear.
Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,
Thy Courage cools becauſe thy blood is cold.
Pirrhus. How can ambitious Manhood be expreſt
More then by marks of our diſdain of reſt?
VVhat leſs then toyls inceſſant can, deſpite
Of Canon, raiſe theſe Mounts to Caſtle-height?
Or leſs then utmoſt or unweary'd ſtrength
Can draw theſe Lines of Batt'ry to that length?
Soly. The toils of Ants, and Mole-hills rais'd, in ſcorn
Of Labour, to be levell'd with a Spurn.
Theſe are the *Pyramids* that ſhew your pains;
But of your Armies valour, where remains
One *Trophy* to excuſe a *Baſſa's* boaſt?
Pirrh. Valour may reckon what ſhe bravely loſt;
Not from Succeſſes all her Count does raiſe:
By life well loſt we gain a ſhare of praiſe.

If we in dangers Glaſs all Valour ſee,
And Death the fartheſt ſtep of danger be,
Behold our Mount of Bodies made a Grave;
And prize our loſs by what we ſcorn'd to ſave.
Soly. Away! range all the Camp for an Aſſault!
Tell them, they tread in Graves who make a halt.
Fat Slaves, who have been lull'd to a Diſeaſe;
Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their eaſe!
Whoſe active Fathers leapt o're Walls too high
For them to climbe: Hence, from my anger fly:
Which is too worthy for thee being mine,
And muſt be quench'd by *Rhodian* blood or thine.
Exit Pirrhus, bowing.

In Honour's Orb the Chriſtians ſhine;
Their light in War does ſtill increaſe;
Though oft miſled by miſts of Wine,
Or blinder love the Crime of Peace.
Bold in Adult'ries frequent change;
And ev'ry loud expenſive Vice;
Ebbing out wealth by ways as ſtrange
As it flow'd in by avarice.
Thus vildly they dare live, and yet dare dye:
If Courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd
But to thoſe few on whom our Crowns rely,
And is condemn'd as madneſs in the Crowd.

Enter *Muſtapha, Ianthe* veil'd.

Muſta. Great Sultan, Hail! though here at Land
Loſt Fools in oppoſition in ſtand;
Yet thou at Sea doſt all command.
Soly. What is it thou wouldſt ſhew, and yet doſt ſhrowd?
Muſta. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud;
A Wealth more worth then all the Sea does hide;
Or Courts diſplay in their triumphant pride.

Soly.

Soly. Thou ſeem'ſt to bring the Daughter of the Night;
And giv'ſt her many Stars to make her bright.
Diſpatch my wonder and relate her Story.
Muſta. 'Tis full of Fate, and yet ha's much of Glory.
A Squadron of our Gallies that did ply,
Weſt from this Coaſt, met two of *Cicily*;
Both fraught to furniſh *Rhodes*, we gave 'em chace;
And had, but for our Number, met diſgrace.
For, grapling, they maintain'd a bloody Fight,
Which did begin with Day and end with Night.
And though this baſhful Lady then did wear
Her Face ſtill vail'd, her valour did appear:
She urg'd their courage when they boldly Fought;
And many ſhun'd the dangers, which ſhe ſought.
Soly. Where are the limits thou wouldſt ſet for praiſe?
Or to what height wilt thou my wonder raiſe?
Muſt. This is *Ianthe*, the *Cicilian* Flower,
Sweeter then Buds unfolded in a ſhower;
Bride to *Alphonſo*, who in *Rhodes* ſo long
The Theam has been of each Heroick Song;
And ſhe for his relief thoſe Gallies fraught;
Both ſtow'd with what her Dow'r and Jewels bought.
Soly. O wond'rous vertue of a Chriſtian Wife!
Adven'tring lifes ſupport and then her Life
To ſave her ruin'd Lord! Bid her unvail! *Ianthe* ſteps back.
Ianthe. It were more honour, Sultan, to aſſail
A publique ſtrength againſt thy forces bent
Then to unwall this private Tenement;
To which no Monarch but my Lord has right;
Nor will it yield to Treaty or to Might:
Where Heaven's great Law defends him from ſurpriſe:
This Curtain onely opens to his eyes.
Soly. If Beauty vail'd ſo vertuous be,
'Tis more then Chriſtian Husbands know;
Whoſe Ladies wear their faces free;
Which they to more then Husband ſhow.
Ianthe. Your Baſſa ſwore, and by his dreadful Law,

None but my Lords dear hand this Vail ſhould draw;
And that to *Rhodes* I ſhould conducted be
To take my ſhare of all his deſtiny:
Elſe I had quickly found
Sure means to get ſome vvound,
VVhich vvould in Deaths cold Arms
My honour inſtant ſafety give
From all thoſe rude Alarms
VVhich keep it vvaking vvhilſt I live.
Soly. Haſt thou ingag'd our Prophets plight
To keep her Beauty from my ſight;
And to conduct her Perſon free
To harbour with mine Enemy?
Muſta. Vertue conſtrain'd the privildge I gave:
Shall I for ſacred Vertue pardon crave?
Soly. I envy not the conqueſts of thy Sword:
Thrive ſtill in wicked VVar;
But, Slave, how did'ſt thou dare,
In vertuous Love, thus to tranſcend thy Lord?
Thou did'ſt thy utmoſt vertue ſhow:
Yet ſomewhat more does reſt,
Not yet by thee expreſt;
Which vertue left for me to do.
Thou great example of a Chriſtian VVife,
Enjoy thy Lord and give him happy Life.
Thy Gallies with their fraight,
For which the Hungry wait,
Shall ſtrait to *Rhodes* conducted be;
And as thy paſſage to him ſhall be free,
So both my ſafe return to *Cicilie*.
Ianthe. May *Solyman* be ever far
From impious honours of the VVar;
Since worthy to receive renown
From things repair'd not overthrown.
And when in peace his vertue thrives,
Let all the race of Loyal VVives
Sing this his bounty to his Glory
And teach their Princes by his ſtory:

Of

Of which, if any Victors be,
Let them, becauſe he conquer'd me,
Strip cheerfully each others Brow,
And at his feet their Laurel throw.
Soly. Strait to the Port her Gallies ſteer;
Then hale the Sentry at the Peer.
And though our Flags ne'r uſe to bow,
They ſhall do Vertue homage now.
Give Fire ſtill as ſhe paſſes by,
And let our Streamers lower fly.

Exeunt ſeveral waies.

Chorus of Women.

1. LEt us live, live! for being dead,
The pretty Spots,
Ribbands and Knots,
And the fine French dreſs for the Head;
No Lady wears upon her
In the cold, cold, bed of Honour.
Beat down our Grottoes, and hew down our Bow'rs,
Dig up our Arbours, and root up our Flowers.
Our Gardens are Bulwarks and Baſtions become;
Then hang up our Lutes, we muſt ſing to the Drum.

2. Our Patches and our Curles
(So exact in each Station)
Our Powders and our Purls
Are now out of Faſhion.
Hence with our Needles, and give us your Spades;
We, that were Ladies, grow courſe as our Maids.
Our Coaches have drove us to Balls at the Court;
We now muſt drive Barrovvs to earth up the Port.

The End of the ſecond Entry.

The

The further part of the Scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavilion appears display'd; representing *Solimans* Imperial Throne; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bassa*'s, and Inferiour Officers.

The ENTRY *is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.*

The Third Entry.

Enter *Soliman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.*

Solym. *Pirrhus*, Draw up our Army wide!
Then from the Gross two strong Reserves divide;
And spread the wings;
As if we were to fight,
In the lost *Rhodians* sight,
With all the Western Kings!
Each wing with *Janizaries* line;
The Right and Left to *Hally*'s Sons assigne;
The *Gross* to *Zangiban*.
The Main Artillery
With *Mustapha* shall be:
Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van*.

Pirrhus.

Pirrhus. It ſhall be done as early as the Dawn;
As if the Figure by thy hand were drawn.
Muſtap. We wiſh that we, to eaſe thee, could prevent
All thy Commands, by gueſſing thy intent.
Soly. Theſe *Rhodians*, who of Honour boaſt,
A loſs excuſe, when bravely loſt:
Now they may bravely loſe their *Rhodes*,
Which never play'd againſt ſuch odds.
To morrow let them ſee our ſtrength, and weep
Whilſt they their want of loſing blame;
Their valiant folly ſtrives too long to keep
What might be render'd without ſhame.
Pirrhus. 'Tis well our valiant Prophet did
In us not only loſs forbid,
But has enjoyn'd us ſtill to get.
Empire muſt move apace,
When ſhe begins the Race,
And apter is for wings then feet.
Muſtap. They vainly interrupt our ſpeed,
And civil Reaſon lack,
To know they ſhould go back
When we determine to proceed.
Pirrhus. When to all *Rhodes* our Army does appear
Shall we then make a ſudden halt,
And give a general Aſſault?
Soly. *Pirrhus* not yet, *Ianthe* being there:
Let them our Valour, by our Mercy prize.
The reſpit of this day
To vertuous Love ſhall pay
A debt long due for all my Victories.
Muſt. If vertuous Beauty can attain ſuch grace
Whilſt ſhe a Captive was, and hid,
What wiſdom can his Love forbid
When Vertue's free and Beauty ſhews her Face?
Soly. Diſpatch a Trumpet to the Town;
Summon *Ianthe* to be gone

Safe

Safe with her Lord. When both are free
And in their Course to *Cicily*,
Then *Rhodes* shall for that valour mourn
VVhich stops the haste of our return.

Pirrhus. Those that in *Grecian* Quarries wrought,
And Pioners from *Lycia* brought,
VVho like a Nation in a throng appear,
So great their number is, are landed here:
VVhere shall they work?

Soly. Upon *Philermus* Hill.
There, ere this Moon her Circle fills with days,
They shall, by punisht sloth and cherish'd skill,
A spacious Palace in a Castle raise:
A Neighbourhood within the *Rhodians* view;
VVhere, if my anger cannot them subdue,
My patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long
Attend to see weak Princes make them strong:
There I'le grow old, and dye too, if they have
The secret art to Fast me to my Grave.

Exeunt.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Alphonso*, *Ianthe*.

Vill. VVHen we, *Ianthe*, would this act commend,
We know no more how to begin
Then we should do, if we were in,
How, suddenly, to make an end.

Adm.

Adm. VVhat love was yours which theſe ſtrong bars of Fate
VVere all too weak to ſeparate?
VVhich Seas & Storms could not divide
Nor all the dreadful *Turkiſh* pride?
VVhich paſs'd ſecure though not unſeen
Even double Guards of Death that lay between.
Vill. VVhat more could Honour for fair Vertue do?
VVhat could *Alphonſo* venture more for you?
Adm. VVith wonder & with ſhame we muſt confeſs,
All we our ſelves can do for *Rhodes*, is leſs.
Vill. Nor did your love and courage act alone,
Your bounty too has no leſs wonders done.
And for our Guard you have brought wiſely down
A Troop of Vertues to defend the Town:
The onely Troop that can a Town defend;
VVhich Heav'n before for ruine did intend.
Adm. Look here ye VVeſtern Monarchs, look with ſhame,
VVho fear not a remote, though common Foe;
The Cabinet of one illuſtrious Dame
Does more then your Exchequers joyn'd did do.
Alphon. Indeed I think, *Ianthe*, few
So young and flouriſhing as you,
VVhoſe Beauties might ſo well adorn
The Jewels which by them are worn,
Did ever Muſquets for them take,
Nor of their Pearls did Bullets make.
Ianthe. VVhen you my Lord are ſhut up here
Expence of treaſure muſt appear
So far from bounty, that, alas,
It covetous advantage was:
For with ſmall coſt I ſought to ſave
Even all the Treaſure that I have.
VVho would not all her trifling Jewels give,
Which but from Number can their worth derive,
If ſhe could purchaſe or redeem with them
One great ineſtimable Gem?

Adam. Oh ripe perfection in a Breſt ſo young
Vill. Vertue has tun'd her heart, and Wit her tongue,
Adm. Though *Rhodes* no pleaſure can allow,
I dare ſecure the ſafety of it now;
All will ſo labour to ſave you
As that will ſave the City too.
Ianthe. Alas, the utmoſt I have done
More then a juſt reward has won,
If by my Lord and you it be but thought
I had the care, to ſerve him as I ought.
Vill. Brave Duke farewell, the Scouts for Orders wait,
And the Parade does fill.
Alphon. Great Maſter, I'll attend your pleaſure ſtrait,
And ſtrive to ſerve your will. *Exeunt, Vill. Adm.*
Ianthe after all this praiſe
W^ch^ Fame ſo fully to you pays,
For that wch all the world beſide
Admires you, I alone muſt chide.
Are you that kinde and vertuous VVife,
VVho thus expoſe your Husbands Life?
The haz ards, both at Land and Sea,
Through which ſo boldly thou haſt run,
Did more aſſault and threaten me
Then all the Sultan could have done.
Thy dangers, could, I them have ſeen,
VVould not to me have dangers been,
But certain death: Now thou art here
A danger worſe then death I fear.
Thou haſt, *Ianthe*, honour won,
But mine, alas, will be undone:
For as thou valiant wer't for me,
I ſhall a Coward grow for thee.
Ianthe. Take heed *Alphonſo*, for this care of me,
VVil to my Fame injurious be;
Your love will brighter by it ſhine,
But it eclipſes mine.

Since

Since I would here before, or with you fall,
Death needs but becken when he means to call.
Alphon. Ianthe, even in this you ſhall command.
And this my ſtrongeſt paſſion guide;
Your vertue will not be deny'd:
It could even *Solyman* himſelf withſtand;
To whom it did ſo beauteous ſhow
It ſeem'd to civilize a barb'rous Foe.
Of this your ſtrange eſcape, *Ianthe* ſay,
Briefly the motive and the way.
Ianthe. Did I not tell you how we fought,
How I was taken, and how brought
Before great *Solyman*? but there
I think we interrupted were.
Alpho. Yes, but we will not be ſo here,
Should *Solyman* himſelf appear;
Ianthe. It ſeems that what the Baſſa of me ſaid,
Had ſome reſpect and admiration bred
In *Solyman*; and this to me increaſt
The jealouſies which Honour did ſuggeſt.
All that of *Turks* and *Tyrants* I had heard,
But that I fear'd not Death, I ſhould have fear'd.
I, to excuſe my Voyage, urg'd my Love
To your high worth; which did ſuch pity move
That ſtraight his uſage did reclaim my fear;
He ſeem'd in civil *France*, and Monarch there:
For ſoon my Perſon, Gallies, Fraight, were free
By his command.
Alphon. O wondrous Enemy!
Ianthe. Theſe are the ſmalleſt Gifts his bounty knew.
Alp. VVhat could he give you more?
Ianthe. He gave me you;
And you may homewards now ſecurely go
Through all his Fleet.
Alph. But Honour ſays not ſo.
Ianthe. If that forbid it you ſhall never ſee

That I and that will disagree:
Honour will speak the same to me.
Alph. This Christian Turk amazes me, my Dear!
How long *Ianthe* stay'd you there?
Ianthe. Two days with *Mustapha*.
Alph. How do you say?
Two days, and two whole nights? alas!
Ianth. That it, my Lord, no longer was,
Is such a mercy, as too long I stay,
E're at the Altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.
Alph. To Heav'n, Confession should prepare the way.
Exit Ianthe.

She is all Harmony and fair as light
But brings me discord and the Clouds of night.
And *Solyman* does think Heav'ns joys to be
In Women not so fair as she,
'Tis strange! Dismiss so fair an Enemy?
She was his own by right of War,
We are his Dogs, and such as she, his Angels are.
O wondrous Turkish chastity!
Her Gallies, fraight, and those to send
Into a Town which he would take!
Are we besieg'd then by a friend?
Could Honour such a Present make,
Then when his Honour is at stake?
Against it self, does Honour booty play?
We have the liberty to go away!
Strange above miracle! But who can say
If in his hands we once should be
What would become of her? For what of me
Though Love is blind, ev'n Love may see.
Come back my thoughts, you must not rove!
For sure *Ianthe* does *Alphonso* love.
Oh *Solyman* this mistique act of thine,
Does all my quiet undermine:
But on thy Troops, if not on Thee,
This Sword my cure and my revenge shall be. *Exit.*

Chorus

Chorus.

Of Men and Women.

Men. YE wives all that are, and wives that would be,
Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another.
And all ye have learnt of an Aunt or a Mother;
Then ſtrait hither come, a New Pattern to ſee:
VVhich in a good humour kinde Fortune did ſend;
A Glaſs for your mindes as well as your faces;
Make haſte then, and break your own Looking-glaſſes:
If you ſee but your ſelves, you'l never amend.

Women. You, that would teach us what your wives ought to do,
Take heed; there's a pattern in Town too for you.
Be you but *Alphonſos*, and we
Perhaps *Ianthes* will be.

Men. Be you but *Ianthes*, and we
Alphonſos a while will be.

Both. Let both ſides begin then, rather then neither;
Let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.

End of the third Entry.

The

The Scene is vary'd to the Proſpect of Mount *Philermus*: Artificers appearing at work about that Caſtle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by *Solyman*. His great Army is diſcovered in the Plain below, drawn up in *Battalia*; as if it were prepar'd for a general Aſſault.

The Entry *is again prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick.*

The Fourth Entry.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Muſtapha*.

Solyman. REfuſe my Paſs-port, and reſolve to dye?
Onely for faſhions ſake, for company?
Oh coſtly ſcruples! But Ile try to be,
Thou ſtubborn Honour, obſtinate as Thee.
My Pow'r thou ſhalt not vanquiſh by thy will;
I will enforce to live whom thou would'ſt kill.

Pirrhus. They in to morrows ſtorm will change their minde;
Then, though too late inſtructed, they ſhall finde.

That

That those who your protection dare reject
No humane Power dares venture to protect.
They are not Foes, but Rebels, who withstand
The pow'r that does their Fate command.
Soly. Oh *Mustapha*, our strength we measure ill;
VVe want the half of what we think we have;
For we enjoy the Beast-like pow'r to kill,
But not the God-like pow'r to save.
VVho laughs at death, laughs at our highest pow'r;
The valiant man is his own Emperour.
Musta. Your pow'r to save, you have to them made known,
VVho scorn'd it with ingrateful pride;
Now, how you can destroy, must next be shown;
And that the Christian world has try'd.
Soly. 'Tis such a single pair
As onely equal are
Unto themselves; but many steps above
All others who attempt to make up Love.
Their Lives will noble History afford,
And must adorn my Scepter, not my Sword.
My strength in vain has with their vertue strove;
In vain their hate would overcome my love.
My favours Ile compel them to receive.
Go *Mustapha*, and strictest Orders give,
Through all the Camp, that in Assault they spare
(And in the Sack of this presumptuous Town)
The lives of these two strangers, with a care
Above the preservation of their own.
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
That he to all but Cowards must be known.
Ianthe is so fair, that none can be
Mistaken, amongst thousands, which is she.

Exeunt:

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beſieg'd.

Enter *Alphonſo, Ianthe.*

Ianthe. *Alphonſo,* Now the danger grovvs ſo near,
Give her, that loves you, leave to fear.
Nor do I bluſh this paſſion to confeſs,
Since it for object has no leſs
Then even your liberty, or life;
I fear not as a woman but a vvife.
We vvere too proud no uſe to make
Of *Solymans* obliging proffer;
For vvhy ſhould Honour ſcorn to take
What Honour's ſelf does to it offer.
Alph. To be o'recome by his victorious Svvord,
Will comfort to our fall afford:
Our ſtrength may yeild to his; but 'tis not fit
Our vertue ſhould to his ſubmit;
In that, *Ianthe,* I muſt be
Advanc'd, and greater far then he.
Ianthe. Fighting vvith him vvho ſtrives to be your friend,
You not vvith Vertue but vvith Povv'r contend.
Alph. Forbid it Heav'n our friends ſhould think that vve
Did merit friendſhip from an Enemy.
Ianthe. He is a Foe to *Rhodes,* and not to you.
Alph. In *Rhodes* beſieg'd vve muſt be *Rhodians* too.
Ianthe. 'Tvvas Fortune that engag'd you in this War.
Alph. 'Tvvas Providence! Heaven's Pris'ners here vve are.
Ianthe. That Providence our freedom does reſtore;
The hand that ſhut, novv opens us the Door.
Alph. Had Heav'n that Paſs-port for our freedom ſent
It vvould have choſe ſome better Inſtrument
Then faithleſs *Solyman.*

Ianthe.

Ianthe. O ſay not ſo!
To ſtrike and wound the vertue of your Foe
Is cruelty, which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deſerv'd from you.
Alphon. From me *Ianthe*, No;
What he deſerves from you, you beſt muſt know.
Ianthe. What means my Lord?
Alphon. For I confeſs, I muſt
The poyſon'd bounties of a Foe miſtruſt:
And when upon the Bait I look,
Though all ſeem fair, ſuſpect the Hook.
Ianthe. He, though a Foe, is generous and true:
What he hath done declares what he will do.
Alphon. He in two Days your high eſteem has won:
What he would do I know; who knows what he has done?
Done? Wicked Tongue what haſt thou ſaid? *Aſide.*
What horrid falſhood from thee fled?
Oh Jealouſie (if Jealouſie it be)
Would I had here an *Aſp* inſtead of *Thee.*
Ianthe. Sure you are ſick, your words, alas,
Geſtures, and looks diſtempers ſhew.
Alphon. *Ianthe*, you may ſafely paſs;
The Paſs, no doubt, was meant to you.
Ianthe. He's jealous ſure; Oh vertue can it be?
Have I for this ſerv'd Vertue faithfully?
Alphonſo ——
Alphon. Speak, *Ianthe*, and be free.
Ianthe. Have I deſerv'd this change?
Alphon. Thou do'ſt deſerve
So much, that Emperours are proud to ſerve
The fair *Ianthe*; and not dare
To hurt a Land whilſt ſhe is there.
Return (Renown'd *Ianthe*) ſafely home;
And force thy paſſage with thine Eyes;
To conquer *Rhodes* will be a prize
Leſs glorious then by thee to be or'ecome.

But ſince he longs (it ſeems) ſo much to ſee,
And be poſſeſt of me,
Tell him, I ſhall not fly beyond his reach:
Would he could dare to meet me in the Breach. *Exit.*

Ianthe. Tell him! tell him? Oh no, *Alphonſo*, no
Let never man thy weakneſs know;
Thy ſuddain fall will be a ſhame
To Man's and Vertue's Name.
Alphonſo's falſe! for what can falſer be
Then to ſuſpect that falſhood dwels in me?
Could *Solyman* both Life and Honour give?
And can *Alphonſo* me of both deprive?
Of both *Alphonſo*; for believe
Ianthe will diſdain to live
So long as to let others ſee
Thy true, and her imputed infamy.
No more let Lovers think they can poſſeſs
More then a Month of happineſs.
We thought our Hold of it was ſtrong,
We thought our Leaſe of it was long:
But now, that all may ever happy prove,
Let never any love.
And yet theſe troubles of my love to me
Shall ſhorter then the pleaſures be.
I'le till to morrow laſt; then the Aſſault
Shall finiſh my misfortune and his fault.
I to my Enemies ſhall doubly owe,
For ſaving me before, for killing now. *Exit.*

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral.*

Adm. From out the Camp a valiant Chriſtian Slave
Eſcap'd, and to our Knights aſſurance gave
That at the break of day
Their Mine will play.

Vill.

Vill. Oft *Martiningus* ſtruck and try'd the ground,
And Counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found:
We ſhall prevent
Their dire intent.
Where is the Duke, whoſe valour ſtrives to keep
Rhodes ſtill awake, which elſe would dully ſleep?
Adm. His Courage and his Reaſon is o'rethrown.
Vill. Thou ſing'ſt the ſad deſtruction of our Town.
Adm. I met him wild as all the winds,
When in the Ocean they conteſt:
And diligent Suſpition finds
He is with jealouſie poſſeſt.
Vill. That Arrow, once miſdrawn, muſt ever rove.
O weakneſs ſprung from mightineſs of love!
O pitty'd Crime!
Alphonſo will be overthrown
Unleſs we take this Ladder down,
Where, though the Rounds are broke,
He does himſelf provoke
Too haſtily to Climbe.
Adm. Inviſibly, as dreams, Fame's wings
Fly every where;
Hov'ring all Day o're Palaces of Kings;
At Night ſhe lodges in the people's eare:
Already they perceive *Alphonſo* wild,
And the belov'd *Ianthe* griev'd.
Vill. Let us no more by Honour be beguil'd;
This Town can never be reliev'd;
Alphonſo and *Ianthe* being loſt,
Rhodes, thou doſt cheriſh life with too much coſt!
Chorus. Away, unchain the ſtreets, unearth the Ports.
Pull down each Barracade
Which womens fears have made,
And bravely ſally out from all the Forts!
Drive back the Creſcents, and advance the Croſs,
Or ſink all humane Empires in our loſs!

Chorus *of Wives.*

1.

1. THis curſed Jealouſie, what is't?
2. 'Tis Love that has loſt it ſelf in a Miſt.
3. 'Tis Love being frighted out of his wits.
4. 'Tis Love that has a Fever got;
Love that is violently hot;
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.
'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:
Chorus. 'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the God of Love, poſſeſt with a Divel.

2.

1. 'This rich corrupted wine of Love;
Which ſharpeſt vinegar does prove.
2. From all the ſweet Flowers which might Honey make,
It does a deadly poyſon bring.
3. Strange Serpent which it ſelf does ſting!
4. It never can ſleep, and dreams ſtill awake.
5. It ſtuffs up the Marriage-bed with thorns!
Chorus. It gores it ſelfe, it gores it ſelf, with imagin'd horns.

The End of the Fourth Entry.

The Scene is chang'd into a Repreſentation of a general Aſſault given to the Town; the greateſt fury of the Army being diſcern'd at the Engliſh Station.

The

The ENTRY *is again prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick.*

The Fifth Entry

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrhus. TRaverſe the Canon! mount the Batrys higher!
More Gabions, and renew the Blinds!
Like duſt they powder ſpend,
And to our faces ſend
The heat of all the Element of fire;
And to their Backs have all the winds.

Enter *Muſtapha.*

Muſta. More Ladders, and reliefs to ſcale!
The Fire-crooks are too ſhort! Help, help to hale!
That Battlement is looſe, and ſtrait will down!
Point well the Canon, and play faſt!
Their fury is too hot to laſt.
That Rampire ſhakes, they fly into the Town.
Pirrh. March up with thoſe Reſerves to that Redout!
Faint ſlaves! the *Janizaries* reel!
They bend, they bend! and ſeem to feel
The terrours of a Rout.
Muſta. Old *Zanger* halts, and re-inforcment lacks!
Pirrh. March on!
Muſta. Advance thoſe Pikes, and charge their Backs!

Enter

Enter Solyman.

Solym. Thoſe Platforms are too low to reach!
Haſte, haſte! call *Haly* to the Breach!
Can my domeſtique *Janizaries* flye!
And not adventure life for victory!
Whoſe child-hood with my Palace-milk I fed;
Their youth, as if I were their Parent, bred.
What is this Monſter Death, that our poor Slaves,
Still vext with toyl, are loth to reſt in Graves?
Muſta. If life ſo pretious be, why do not they,
Who in War's trade can onely live by prey,
Their own afflicted lives expoſe
To take the happier from their foes?
Pirrh. Our Troops renew the Fight!
And thoſe that ſally'd out
To give the Rout,
Are now return'd in flight!
Solym. Follow, follow, follow! make good the Line!
In, *Pirrhus*, in! Look, we have ſprung the Mine! *Exit Pirrhus.*
Muſta. Thoſe deſp'rate *Engliſh* n'er will fly!
Their firmneſs ſtill does hinder others flight,
As if their Miſtreſſes were by
To ſee and praiſe them whilſt they fight.
Solym. That flame of valour in *Alphonſo*'s eyes
Outſhines the light of all my victories!
Thoſe who were ſlain when they his Bulwark ſtorm'd,
Contented fell,
As vanquiſh'd well;
Thoſe who were left alive may now,
Becauſe their valour is by his reform'd,
Hope to make others bow.
Muſta. E're while I in the Engliſh ſtation ſaw
Beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,

Whoſe

Whose valour did my Forces back disperse;
Fairer than Woman, and then Man more fierce:
It shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,
And yet seem'd willing to be kill'd.
Solym. This Vision did to me appear;
Which mov'd my pitty and my fear:
It had a Dress much like the Imag'rie
For Heroes drawn, and may *Ianthe* be.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirrh. Fall on! the English stoop when they give fire!
They seem to furl their Colours and retire!
Solym. Advance! I onely would the honour have
To conquer two, whom I by force would save.

Enter *Alphonso* with his Sword drawn.

Alph. My reason by my Courage is misled!
Why chase I those who would from dying fly,
Enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead,
Yet keep my self unslain that fain would die?
Do not the Pris'ners whom we take declare
How *Solyman* proclaim'd through all his Host,
That they *Ianthe*'s life and mine should spare?
Life ill preserv'd is worse then basely lost.
Mine by dispatch of War he will not take,
But means to leave it lingring on the Rack;
That in his Palace I might live, and know
Her shame, and be afraid to call it so.
Tyrants and Divels think all pleasures vain,
But what are still deriv'd from others pain.

Enter

Enter *Admirall.*

Adm. Renown'd *Alphonſo*, thou haſt fought to day,
As if all *Aſia* were thy valour's prey.
But now thou muſt do more
Then thou haſt done before;
Elſe the important life of *Rhodes* is gone.
Alph. VVhy from the peaceſull grave
Should I ſtill ſtrive to ſave
The lives of others, that would loſe mine own?
Adm. The Souldiers call, *Alphonſo!* thou haſt taught
The way to all the wonders they have wrought;
Who now refuſe to fight
But in thy valour's ſight.
Alphon. I would to none example be to fly;
But fain would teach all human kind to die.
Adm. Haſte, haſte! *Ianthe* in diſguiſe
At th'Engliſh Bulwark wounded lies;
And in the *French*, our old great Maſter ſtrives
From many hands to reſcue many lives.
Alphon. Ianthe wounded? where, alas,
Has mourning Pitty hid her face?
Let Pitty fly, fly far from the oppreſt,
Since ſhe removes her Lodging from my Breſt!
Adm. You have but too great Cruelties to chuſe
By ſtaying here; you muſt *Ianthe* loſe
Who ventur'd life and fame for you;
Or your great Maſter quite forſake.
Who to your childhood firſt did ſhew
The wayes you did to Honour take.
Alphon. Ianthe cannot be
In ſafer company:
For what will not the valiant Engliſh do
When Beauty is diſtreſs'd and Vertue too.

Adm.

Adm. Diſpatch your choice, if you will either ſave
Occaſion bids you run;
You muſt redeem the one
And I the other from a common Grave.
Alphonſo, haſte!
Alphon. Thou urgeſt me too faſt.
This riddle is too ſad and intricate;
The hardeſt that was e're propos'd by Fate.
Honour and pitty have
Of both too ſhort a time to chooſe:
Honour, the one would ſave,
Pitty, would not the other looſe.
Adm. Away, brave Duke, away!
Both periſh by our ſtay.
Alphon. I to my Noble Maſter owe
All that my Youth did Nobly do:
He in War's Schoole my Maſter was,
The Ruler of my life;
She my lov'd Miſtris; but, alas,
My now ſuſpected Wife.
Adm. By this delay we both of them forſake!
Which of their reſcues wilt thou undertake?
Alph. Hence *Admirall*, and to my Maſter hy!
I will as ſwiftly to my Miſtris fly;
Through Ambuſh, Fire, and all impediments
The witty cruelty of War invents:
For there does yet ſome taſte of kindneſs laſt,
Still reliſhing the vertue that is paſt.
But how, *Ianthe*, can my ſword ſucceſsfull prove,
Where honour ſtops, and onely pitty leads my love?
Exeunt, *ſeverall waies.*

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrhus. O ſuddain change! repulſt in all the heat
Of Victory, and forc'd to loſe retreat!

Seven Creſcents, fixt on their Redouts, are gone!
Horſe, horſe! we fly
From Victory!
Wheel, wheel from their Reſerves, and charge our own!
Divide that Wing!
More ſuccours bring!
Rally the Fled,
And quit our Dead!
Reſcue that Enſigne and that Drum!
Bold ſlaves? they to our Trenches come:
Though ſtill our Army does in poſture ſtay
Drawn up, to judge, not act the buſineſs of the day;
As *Rome* in Theaters ſaw Fencers play.

Enter *Muſtapha.*

Muſta. Who can be loud enough to give command?
Stand, *Haly*, make a ſtand!
Thoſe Horſes to that Carriage ſpan! Drive, drive!
Zanger is ſhot agen, yet ſtill alive!
Canons for the Culv'rin, then give fire
To cleer the Turn-Pikes, and let *Zanger* in!
Look, *Pirrhus*, look, they all begin
To alter their bold Count'nance, and retire!

The Scene returns to that of the Caſtle on the Mount Philermus.

Enter *Solyman.*

Soly. How cowardly my num'rous Slaves fall back?
Slow to Aſſault, but dext'rous when they ſack.

Wilde

Wilde Wolves in times of peace they are;
Tame ſheep, and harmleſs in the War.
Crowds fit to ſtop up Breaches; and prevail
But ſo as ſhoals of Herrings choak a Whale.
This Dragon-Duke ſo nimbly fought to day,
As if he wings had got to ſtoop at Prey.
Ianthe is triumphant, but not gone;
And ſees *Rhodes* ſtill beleaguer'd, though not won.
Audacious Town! thou keep'ſt thy ſtation ſtill;
And ſo my Caſtle tarries on that Hill;
Where I will dwell till Famine enter Thee;
And prove more fatal then my Sword could be.
Nor ſhall *Ianthe* from my favours run,
But ſtay to meet and praiſe what ſhe did ſhun.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town beſieg'd.

Enter *Villerius*, *Admiral*, *Ianthe*.

She in a Night-Gown and a Chair is brought in.

Viller. FAir Vertue, we have found
No danger in your Wound.
Securely live,
And credit give
To us, and to the Surgeons Art.
Ianthe. Alas, my wound is in the Heart;
Or elſe, where e're it be,
Impriſon'd life it comes to free,
By ſeconding a worſer wound that hid doth lie.
What practice can aſſure
That Patient of a Cure,
Whoſe kind of grief ſtill makes her doubt the remedy?

Adm. The wounded that would ſoon be eas'd
Should keep their ſpirits tun'd and pleas'd;
No diſcord ſhould their mind ſubdue:
And who in ſuch diſtreſs
As this, ought to expreſs
More joyfull harmony than you?
'Tis not alone that we aſſure
Your certain cure;
But pray remember that your blood's expence
Was in defence
Of *Rhodes*, which gain'd to day a moſt important Victory:
For our ſucceſs, repelling this Aſſault,
Has taught the *Ottomans* to halt;
Who may, waſting their heavy Body, learn to fly.
Adm. Not onely this ſhould haſten your content;
But you ſhall joy to know the Inſtrument
That wrought the triumph of this day;
Alphonſo did the Sally ſway;
To whom our *Rhodes* all that ſhe is does owe,
And all that from her Root of Hope can grow.
Ianthe. Has he ſo greatly done?
Indeed he us'd to run
As ſwift in Honour's Race as any He
Who thinks he merits Wreaths for Victory.
This is to all a comfort, and ſhould be,
If he were kind, the greateſt joy to me.
Where is my alter'd Lord? I cannot tell
If I may ask, if he be ſafe and well?
For whilſt all ſtrangers may his actions boaſt,
Who in their Songs repeat
The Triumphs he does get,
I onely muſt lament his favours loſt.
Vill. Some wounds he has; none dangerous but yours;
Ianthe cur'd, his own he quickly cures.
Ianthe. If his be little, mine will ſoon grow leſs.

Ay me! What Sword
Durſt give my Lord
Thoſe wounds, which now *Ianthe* cannot dreſs?
Adm. Ianthe will rejoyce when ſhe did hear
How greater then himſelf he does appear
In reſcue of her life, all acts were ſlight,
And cold, even in our hotteſt Fight
Compar'd to what he did,
When with Death's Vizard ſhe her beauty hid.
Vill. Love urg'd his anger, till it made ſuch haſte
And ruſht ſo ſwiftly in,
That ſcarce he did begin
Ere we could ſay, the mighty work was paſt.
Ianthe. All this for me? ſomething he did for you:
But when his Sword begun
Much more it would have done
If he, alas, had thought *Ianthe* true.
Adm. Be kind, *Ianthe*, and be well!
It is too pittifull to tell
What way of dying he expreſt
When he that Letter read
You wrote before your wounds were dreſt;
When you and we diſpair'd you could recover;
Then he was more than dead:
And much out-wept a Husband and a Lover.

Enter *Alphonſo* wounded, led in by two Mutes.

Alphon: Tear up my wounds! I had a paſſion, coarſe,
And rude enough to ſtrengthen jealouſie;
But want that more refin'd and quicker force
Which does out-wreſtle Nature when we dye.
Turn to a Tempeſt all my inward ſtrife:

Let

Let it not last,
But in a blast
Spend this infectious vapour, Life!

Ianthe. It is my Lord! Enough of strength I feel
To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.
He bled for me when he atchiev'd for you
This daye's success; and much from me is due.
Let me but bless him for his Victory,
And hasten to forgive him e're I dye.

Alphon. Keep back *Ianthe*, for my strength will fail
If on thy Cheeks I see thy Roses pale.
Draw all the Curtains and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin. *Exeunt.*

Chorus *of Souldiers:*

1.

With a fine merry Gale,
Fit to fill ev'ry sayl,
They did cut the smooth Sea
That our Skins they might flea:
Still as they landed, we firkt them with Sallys;
We did bang their silk Shashes,
Through Sands and through Plashes,
Till amain they did run to their Gallies.

2.

They first were so mad
As they Jealousies had
That our Isle durst not stay,
But would float strait away;
For they landed still faster and faster:
And their old Bassa *Pirrhus*
Did think he could fear us;
But himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

3. Then

3.

Then the hug'ous great *Turk*,
Came to make us more work;
With enow men to eat
All he meant to defeat;
Whoſe wonderfull worſhip did confirm us
In the fear he would bide here
So long till he dy'd here,
By the Caſtle he built on *Philermus*.

4.

You began the Aſſault
With a very long Hault;
And, as haulting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our *Alphonſo* to ſcoff ye.
To himſelf, as a Daintie,
He keeps his *Ianthe*;
Whilſt we drink good Wine, and you drink but Coffy.

The End of the Fifth ENTRY.

The Curtain is let fall.

FINIS.

2813

THE SIEGE OF RHODES:

The Second Part,

As it was lately Repreſented at His Highneſs the Duke of *YORK'S* Theatre In *Lincoln's-Inn* Fields.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Sign of the *Anchor*, on the Lower-walk in the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE BEQUEST
1869

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

the EARL of

CLARENDON

Lord High Chancellor of *England*, &c.

MY LORD,

THough Poems have loſt much of their Antient value, yet I will preſume to make this a Preſent to your Lordſhip; and the rather, becauſe Poems (if they have any thing precious in them) do, like Jewels, attract a greater eſteem when they come into the poſſeſſion of great Perſons, than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuſe which men have had for dedication of Books, has been to protect them from the malice of Readers: but a defence of of this nature was fitter for your forces when you were early known to Learned men (and had no other occaſion for your abilities, but to vindicate Authors) than at this Seaſon

when you are of extraordinary use to the whole Nation.

Yet when I consider how many & how violent they are who persecute Dramatick Poetry, I will then rather call this a *Dedication* than a *Present*; as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to receive a great benefit; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your Lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the Justice which yon convey through all the different Members of this great Empire, that my *Rhodians* seem to enjoy a better Harbour in the Pacifique *Thames*, than they had on the *Mediterranean*; and I have brought *Solyman* to be arraign'd at your Tribunal, where you are the Censor of his civility & magnificence.

Dramatick Poetry meets with the same persecution now, from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil, as it ever did from the Barbarous. And yet whilst those vertuous Enemies deny *heroique Plays* to the Gentry, they entertain the People with a Seditious *Farce* of their own counterfeit Gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this Poetical dress)

dress) neither the Besieg'd nor the Besiegers, since they come without their vices: for as others have purg'd the Stage from corruptions of the Art of the Drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners; nor have I wanted care to render the *Ideas* of Greatness and Vertue pleasing and familiar.

In old *Rome* the Magistrates did not only protect but exhibit Plaies; and, not long since, the two wise *Cardinals* did kindly entertain the great Images represented in Tragedy by *Monsieur Corneille*. My Lord, it proceeds from the same mind not to be pleas'd with Princes on the Stage, and not to affect them in the Throne; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the Mirrour who are unwilling to see the Images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this Poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that fatal desolation which was permitted by Christian Princes when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of Religions (begot by the factions of Learning) in *Germany*; whilst those who would never admit Learning into their Em-

pire

pire (leſt it ſhould meddle with Religion and intangle it with Controverſy) did make *Rhodes* defenceleſs; which was the only fortify'd Academy in Chriſtendome where Divinity and Arms were equally profeſs'd. I have likewiſe, for variety, ſoftened the Martial encounters between *Solyman* and the *Rhodians*, with intermingling the conjugal vertues of *Alphonſo* and *Ianthe*.

If I ſhould proceed, and tell your Lordſhip of what uſe Theatres have antiently been, and may be now, by heightening the Characters of Valour, Temperance, Natural Juſtſtice, and complacency to Government, I ſhould fall into the ill manners and indiſcretion of ordinary Dedicators, who go about to inſtruct thoſe from whoſe abilities they expect protection. The apprehenſion of this error makes me haſten to crave pardon for what has been already ſaid by

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and
moſt odedient Servant

WILL. D'AVENANT.

The Perſons repreſented.

Solyman	The Magnificent.
Pirrhus	Vizier Baſſa.
Muſtapha	Baſſa.
Ruſtan	Baſſa.
Haly	Eunuch Baſſa.
Villerius	Grand Maſter of *Rhodes*.
Alphonſo	A *Cicilian* Duke.
Admiral	Of *Rhodes*.
High Marſhal	Of *Rhodes*.
Roxolana	Wife to *Solyman*.
Ianthe	Wife to *Alphonſo*.
Women	Attendants to *Roxolana*.
Women	Attendants to *Ianthe*.
Four Pages	Attendants to *Roxolana*.

The Scene,

RHODES.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART · 1869 · DYCE BEQUEST

Prologue.

WHat if we ſerve you now a Trick? and do
Like him who poſted Bills that he would ſhow
So many active feats, and thoſe ſo high,
That Court and City came to ſee him fly?
But he, good man, carefull to empty ſtill
The Money-Boxes, as the Houſe did fill,
Of all his Tricks, had time to ſhew but one:
He lin'd his Purſe, and, Preſto! he was gone! ----
Many were then as fond, as you are now,
Of ſeeing ſtranger things than Art can ſhow.
We may perform as much as he did doe;
We have your Money, and a Back-Door too.
Go, and be couzen'd thus, rather than ſtay
And wait to be worſe couzen'd with our Play.
For you ſhall hear ſuch courſe complaints of Love,
Such ſilly ſighing, as no more will move
Your Paſſion then Dutch *Madrigals can doe,*
When Skippers, *with wit Beards, at* Wapping *wooe.*
Hope little from our Poets wither'd Witt;
From Infant-Players, ſcarce grown Puppets yet.
Hope from our Women leſs, whoſe baſhfull fear,
Wondred to ſee me dare to enter here:
Each took her leave, and wiſht my danger paſt;
And though I come back ſafe, and undiſgrac'd,
Yet when they ſpye the WITS *here then I doubt*
No Amazon *can make 'em venture out.*
Though I adviſ'd 'em not to fear you much;
For I preſume not half of you are ſuch.
But many Trav'lers here as Judges come;
From Paris, Florence, Venice, *and from* Rome:

Who will deſcribe, when any Scene we draw,
By each of ours, all that they ever Saw.
Thoſe praiſing, for extenſive breadth and height;
And inward diſtance to deceive the ſight.
When greater Objects, moving in broad Space,
You rank with leſſer, in this narrow Place,
Then we like Cheſs-men, *on a Cheſs-board are,*
And ſeem to play like Pawns *the* Rhodian *Warr.*
Oh Money! Money! if the WITTS *would dreſs,*
With Ornaments, the preſent face of Peace;
And to our Poet half that Treaſure ſpare,
Which Faction gets from Fools to nouriſh Warr;
Then his contracted Scenes ſhould wider be,
And move by greater Engines, till you ſee
(Whilſt you Securely ſit) fierce Armies meet,
And raging Seas diſperſe a fighting Fleet.
Thus much he bad me ſay; and I confeſs
I think he would, if rich, mean nothing leſs;
But, leaving you your ſelves to entertain,
Like an old Rat retire to Parmazan.

THE

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

The Second Part,

Act the First, Scene the First.

The *SCENE* is a Prospect of *Rhodes* beleaguer'd at Sea and Land by the Fleet and Army of *SOLYMAN*.

Enter *Alphonso*, *Admiral*, *Marshal of* Rhodes.

Alph. When shall we scape from the delays of *Rome*?
And when, slow *Venice*, will thy Succours come?
Mar. How often too have we in vain
Sought ayd from long consulting *Spain*?
Adm. The *German* Eagle does no more
About our barren Island Sore.
Thy Region, famisht *Rhodes*, she does forsake;
And cruelly at home her Quarrie make.
Alph. The furious *French*, and fiercer *English* fail.

Adm. We watch from Steeples and the Peer
What Flaggs remoter Veſſels bear;
But no glad Voice cries out, a Sail! a Sail!
Mar. Brave Duke! I find we are to blame
In playing ſlowly Honour's Game,
Whilſt lingring Famine waſts our ſtrength,
And tires afflicted Life with length.
Alph. The Council does it raſhneſs call
When we propoſe to hazard all
The parcells we have left in one bold Caſt:
But their Diſcretion makes our Torments laſt.
Adm. When leſs'ning Hope flyes from our Ken,
And ſtill Deſpair ſhews great and near,
Diſcretion ſeems to Valour then
A formal ſhape to cover fear.
Alph. Courage, when it at once adventures all,
And dares with human aids diſpence,
Reſembles that high confidence
Which Prieſts may Faith and *Heav'nly-Valour* call.
Adm. Thoſe who in latter dangers of fierce Warr
To diſtant hope and long conſults are given,
Depend too proudly on their own wiſe care;
And ſeem to truſt themſelves much more than Heav'n.
Alph. Let then the Elder of our *Rhodian* Knights
Diſcourſe of ſlow deſigns in antient Fights;
Let them ſit long in Council to contrive
How they may longeſt keep lean Fools alive:
Whilſt (*Marſhal*) thou, the *Admiral*, and I
(Grown weary of this tedious ſtrife
Which but prolongs impriſon'd Life)
Since we are freely Born will freely Dye.
Adm. From ſev'ral Ports wee'l Sally out
With all the bolder Youth our Seas have bred.
Mar. And we at Land through ſtorms of Warr have led,
Then meet at *Muſtapha's* Redoubt.
Alph. And this laſt Race of Honour being run,
Wee'l meet agen, farr, farr, above the Sun.

Already

Adm. Already Fame her Trumpet ſounds:
Which more provokes and warms
Our Courage than the ſmart of Wounds.
Away! to Arms! to Arms! ------

Enter *Villerius.*

Vill. What from the Camp, when no Aſſault is near,
Fierce Duke does thee to Slaughter call?
Or what bold Fleet does now at Sea appear,
To hale and boord our Admiral?
Adm. We give, Great Maſter, this alarm
Not to forwarn your Chiefs of harm:
To whom aſſaults from Land or Sea
Would now but too much welcome be.
Alph. We want great dangers, and of miſchiefs know
No greater ill but that they come too ſlow.
Adm. Why ſhould we thus, with Arts great care
Of Empire, againſt Nature Warr?
Nature, with ſleep and food, would make Life laſt;
But artfull Empire makes us watch and faſt.
Alph. If Valour virtue be, why ſhould we lack
The means to make it move?
Which progreſs would improve;
But cannot march when Famine keeps it back.
Adm. When gen'ral Dearth
Afflicts the Earth,
Then even our loudeſt Warriours calmly pine.
High courage (though with Sourneſs ſtill
It yields to Yoaks of human will)
Yet gracefully does bow to Pow'r Divine.
Alph. But when but mortal Foes
Imperiouſly impoſe
A Martial Lent
Where ſtrength is ſpent;
That Famine, doubly horrid, wears the face

Both of a Lingring death, and of diſgrace.
Mar. For thoſe, whoſe Valour makes them quickly Dye,
Prevent the Faſt to ſhun the infamy.
Vill. Whom have I heard? 'Tis time all Pow'r ſhould ceaſe
When men high born, and higher bred
(Who have out-done what moſt have read,)
Grow like the Gowd, impatient of diſtreſs.
Is there no room for Hope in any Breaſt?
Adm. Not, ſince ſhe does appear
Boldly a dweller where
She firſt was intertain'd but as a Gueſt.
Alph. She may in Sieges be receiv'd
Be courted too, and much believ'd;
And thus continue after wants begin;
But is thruſt out when Famine enters in.
Vill. You have been tir'd in vain with paſſiveneſs;
But where, when active, can you meet Succeſs?
Alph. With all the ſtrength of all our Forts
Wee'l ſally out from all the Ports;
And with a hot and hot alarm
Still keep the *Turkiſh* Tents ſo warm
That *Solyman* ſhall in a Feaver lye:
Mar. His Baſſas, marking what we do,
Shall find that we were taught by you
To manage Life, and teach them how to Dye.
Vill. Valour's deſigns are many heights above
All pleaſures fancy'd in the dreams of Love.
But whilſt, voluptuouſly, you thus deviſe
Delightfull ways to end thoſe miſeries
Which over-charge your own impatient mind;
Where ſhall the ſofter Sex their ſafety find?
When you with num'rous Foes lye dead,
(I mean aſleep in Honour's Bed)
They then may ſubject be
To all the wild and fouler force
Of rudeſt Victory;
Where noiſe ſhall Deafen all remorſe.

If

Alph. If ſtill concern'd to watch and arm
That we may keep from harm
All who defenceleſs are
And ſeldome ſafe in Warr,
When, *Admiral*, ſhall we
From wearineſs be free?
Vill. The *Rhodians* by your gen'ral Sally may
Get high renown;
Though you at laſt muſt bravely loſe the Day,
And they their Town.
Then when by anger'd *Solyman* 'tis ſway'd,
On whom ſhall climbing Infants ſmile for aid?
Or who ſhall lift and reſcue falling Age,
When it can only frown at *Turkiſh* rage?
The living thus adviſe you to eſteem
And keep your Life that it may ſuccour them:
But though you are inclin'd to hear Death plead
As ſtrongly to invite you to the Dead,
Whilſt glory does beyond compaſſion move,
Yet ſtay till your *Ianthe* ſpeaks for Love!
Alph. *Ianthe*'s name is ſuch a double charm,
As ſtrait does arm me, and as ſoon unarm.
Valour as farr as ever Valour went,
Dares go, not ſtopping at the *Sultans* Tent;
To free *Ianthe* when to *Rhodes* confin'd:
But halts, when it conſiders I
Amidſt ten Thouſand *Turks* may Dye,
Yet leave her then to many more behind.
Adm. Since life is to be kept, what muſt be done?
Vill. All thoſe attempts of Valour we muſt ſhun
Which may the *Sultan* vex; And, ſince bereft
Of food, there is no help but Treaty left.
Adm. *Rhodes*, when the World ſhall thy ſubmiſſion know,
Honour, thy antient friend, will court thy Foe.
Mar. Honour begins to bluſh, and hide his face:
For thoſe who Treat ſheath all their Swords,
To try by length of fencing words

How

How farr they may conſent to meet Diſgrace.

Alph. As noble minds with ſhame their wants confeſs;
So *Rhodes* will baſhfully declare diſtreſs.

{ *A Shout within, and a Noiſe of forcing of Doors.*

Vill. Our guards will turn confed'rates with the crowd,
Whoſe miſ'ries now inſult and make them loud.
Their leaders ſtrive with praiſes to appeaſe,
And ſoften the miſ-led with promiſes. [*Exit* Admiral.

Alph. Theſe us'd with awe to wait
Far from your Palace gate;
But, like lean Birds in Froſts, their hunger now
Makes them approach us and familiar grow.

Vill. They have ſo long been Dying that 'tis fit
They Deaths great privilege ſhould have;
Which does in all a parity admit:
No rooms of State are in the Grave.

Enter *Admiral.*

Adm. The Peoples various minds
(Which are like ſudden winds,
Such as from Hilly-coaſts ſtill changing blow)
Were lately as a ſecret kept
In many whiſpers of ſo ſoft a breath,
And in a calm ſo deeply low,
As if all Life had ſoundly ſlept;
But now, as if they meant to waken Death,
They raſhly riſe, and loud in Tumults grow.

Mar. They ſee our ſtrength is hourly leſs,
Whilſt *Solyman's* does ſtill increaſe.

Adm. Thus, being to their laſt expectance driven,
Ianthe, now they cry!
Whoſe name they raiſe ſo high
And often that it fills the vault of Heaven.

Alph. If *Solyman* does much her Looks eſteem,

Looks

Looks captive him, and may enfranchiſe them.
Adm. By many priſ'ners, ſince our Siege began,
They have been told, how Potent *Solyman*,
In all aſſaults, ſeverely did command
That you and ſhe
Should ſtill be free
From all attempts of every *Turkiſh* hand.
Alph. It rudeneſs were in me, not to confeſs
That *Solyman* has civil been,
And did much Chriſtian honour winn
When he *Ianthe* reſcu'd from diſtreſs.
Adm. They were from many more advertiſ'd too,
That he hath Paſſports ſent for her and you:
Which makes them hope the Pow'r divine
Does by ſome bleſſed cauſe deſign
Ianthe to procure their Liberty:
Or if by Heaven 'tis not intirely me'nt
That powerfull Beauties force ſhould ſet them free,
Yet they would have her ſtrait in Treaty ſent
To gain ſome reſt for thoſe,
Who of their reſtleſs foes
Continual wounds and faſts are weary grown.
Mar. Whoſe mighty hearts conceiv'd before,
That they were built to ſuffer more
Aſſaults and Battries than our Rocky Town.
Vill. Thoſe who, with Gyant-ſtature, ſhocks receiv'd,
Now down to Dwarfiſh ſize and weakneſs fall.
Mar. Who once no more of harm from ſhot believ'd
Than that an arrow hurts a wounded Wall.
Alph. She Treat? What pleaſant, but what frantick dreams,
Riſe from the Peoples feaver of extremes?
I will allay their Rage, or try
How farr *Ianthe* will comply. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter *Ianthe* and her two Women at the other Door.

Iant. Why wiſe *Villerius*, had you power to ſway
That *Rhodian* Valour, which did yours obey?
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awfull Heav'n
Which to your Valour hath your Wiſdome given?
And that directs you to the Seaſons meet
For deeds of Warr, and when 'tis fit to treat.
Vill. Ere we to *Solyman* can ſue,
Ianthe, we muſt treat with you.
The people find that they have no defence
But in your Beauty and your Eloquence.
Mar. To your requeſts Great *Solyman* may yield.
Iant. Can hope on ſuch a weak Foundation build?
Mar. In you the famiſh't peoples hopes are fed.
Iant. Can your diſcerning eyes
(Which may inform the wiſe)
Be by vain hope, their blind Conductor, led?
Vill. When winds in Tempeſts riſe
Pilots may ſhut their eyes.
Mar. And, though their practice knows their way,
Muſt be content a while to ſtray.
Iant. Though *Solyman* ſhould ſofter grow;
And to my tears compaſſion ſhow;
What ſhape of comfort can appear to me,
When all your outward Warr ſhall ceaſe,
If then my Lord renew his jealouſie
And ſtrait deſtroy my inward peace?
Vill. The *Rhodian* Knights ſhall all in Council ſit;
And with perſwaſions, by the publick Voice,
Your Lord ſhall woo till you to that ſubmit
Which is the Peoples will, and not your Choice.

No

No arguments, by forms of Senate made,
Can Magiſterial Jealouſie perſwade;
It takes no Counſel, nor will be in awe
Of Reaſons force, neceſſity, or Law.

[*Exit with the* Marſhal *and her Women.*

Vill. Call thy experience back,
Which ſafely coaſted every ſhore;
And let thy reaſon lack
No wings to make it higher ſoar;
For all thoſe aids will much too weak appear,
With all that gath'ring fancy can ſupply,
When ſhe hath travell'd round about the Sphere,
To give us ſtrength to govern Jealouſie.

Adm. Will you believe that Fair *Ianthe* can
Conſent to go, and treat with *Solyman*,
Vainly in hope to move him to remorſe?

Vill. 'Twill not be ſaid by me
That ſhe conſents, when ſhe
Does yield to what the People would inforce.
Their ſtrength they now will in our weakneſs find,
Whom in their plenty we can ſway,
But in their wants muſt them obey,
And wink when they the Cords of pow'r unbind.

Adm. 'Tis likely then that ſhe muſt yield to go.

Vill. Who can reſiſt, if they will have it ſo?

Adm. Where 'ere ſhe moves ſhe will laſt innocent.

Vill. Heav'ns ſpotleſs Lights are not by motion ſpent.

Adm. *Alphonſo*'s Love cannot ſo ſickly be
As to expreſs relapſe of Jealouſie.

Vill. Examine Jealouſie and it will prove
To be the carefull tenderneſs of Love.
It can no ſooner than Celeſtial fire
Be either quench't, or of it ſelf expire.

Adm. No ſigns are ſeen of Embers that remain
For windy paſſion to provoke.

Vill. Talk not of ſigns; Celeſtial fires contain
No matter which appears in ſmoak.

Be heedfull *Admiral*; The private peace
Of Lovers ſo Renown'd requires your care:
Their League, renew'd of late, will if it ceaſe
As much perplex us as the *Rhodian* Warr. [*Exit.*

Adm. How vainly muſt I keep mine eyes awake,
Who now, *Alphonſo*, am enjoyn'd to take,
For publick good, a private care of thee;
When I ſhall rather need thy care of me?
Love, in *Ianthe*'s ſhape, paſs't through my eyes
And tarries in my breaſt. But if the wiſe
Villerius does high Jealouſie approve
As Virtue, and becauſe it ſprings from Love:
My Love, I hope, will ſo much Virtue be
As ſhall, at leaſt, take place of Jealouſie.
For all will more reſpect
The cauſe than the effect.
What I diſcern of Love, ſeems virtue yet,
And whilſt that Face appears I'le cheriſh it.

[*Exit.*

The

The ſame Scene continues.

The Second Act.

A great Noiſe is heard of the People within.

Enter *Villerius, Admiral, Marſhal.*

Adm. THeir murmurs with their hunger will increaſe:
Their noiſes are effects of emptineſs.
Murmurs, like Winds, will louder prove
When they with larger freedome move.

Vill. Winds which in hollow Caverns dwell,
Do firſt their force in murmurs waſte;
Then ſoon, in many a ſighing blaſt,
Get out, and up in Tempeſts ſwell.

Adm. Your practis'd ſtrength no publique burden fears;
Nor ſtoops when it the weight of Empire bears.

Vill. Pow'r is an Arch which ev'ry common hand
Does help to raiſe to a magnifique height;
And it requites their aid when it does ſtand
With firmer ſtrength beneath increaſing weight.

Adm. 'Tis noble to endure and not reſent
The bruiſes of Afflictions heavy hand.
But can we not this Embaſſy prevent?

Vill. *Ianthe* needs muſt go. Thoſe who withſtand
The Tide of Flood, which is the Peoples will,
Fall back when they in vain would onward row:
We ſtrength and way preſerve by lying ſtill.
And ſure, ſince Tides ebb longer than they flow,

Patience, which waits their Ebbs, regains
Loſt time, and does prevent our pains.
Adm. Can we of ſaving and of gaining boaſt
In that by which *Ianthe* may be loſt?
She wholly Honour is; and, when bereft
Of any part of that, has nothing left.
For Honour is the Soul, which by the Art
Of Schools, is all contain'd in ev'ry part.
Vill. The Guiltleſs cannot Honour loſe, and ſhe
Can never more than Virtue guilty be.
Adm. The talking World may perſecute her name.
Vill. Her Honour bleeds not when they wound her Fame.
Honour's the Soul which nought but Guilt can wound;
Fame is the Trumpet which the People ſound.
Mar. The Trumpet where ſtill variouſly they blow,
And ſeeking Ecchos, ſound both high and low.
Adm. Can no expedient ſtop their will?
Vill. The practice grows above our skill.
Laſt Night, in ſecret, I a Priſ'ner ſent
To *Muſtapha*, with deep acknowledgment.
For fair *Ianthes* former Libertie,
And Paſſports, offer'd ſince, to ſet her free.
My Letters have no ill acceptance met;
But his reply forbids all means to treat,
Unleſs *Ianthe*, who has oft refus'd
That Paſs, which Honour might have ſafely us'd,
Appear before Great *Solyman*, and ſue
To ſave thoſe Lives which Famine muſt ſubdue.
Adm. Sad Fate! Were all thoſe drowſie Sirrups here [*Aſide.*
Which Art preſcribes to madneſs, or to fear,
To Jealouſie, or carefull Stateſmens Eyes,
To waking Tyrants, or their watchfull Spies,
They could not make me ſleep when ſhe is ſent
To lie Love's Lieger in the *Sultans* Tent. [*A great ſhout within.*
Mar. What ſodain pleaſure makes the Crowd rejoyce?
What comfort can thus raiſe the publique Voice?
Vill. 'Tis fit that with the Peoples inſolence,

When

When in their ſorrows rude, we ſhould diſpence;
Since they are ſeldome civil in their joys:
Their gladneſs is but an uncivil Noiſe.
Adm. They ſeldome are in tune; and their tunes laſt
But like their Loves raſh Sparkles ſtruck in haſte.
Vill. Still brief, as the concordance of a Shout.
Adm. What is ſo ſhort as Muſick of the Rout?
Vill. Though ſhort, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis loud.
Adm. Diſſembling is an Art above the Crowd.
Vill. Whom do they dignifie with this applauſe?

Enter *Alphonſo, Ianthe.*

Alph. Of this, grave Prince, *Ianthe* is the cauſe.
I from the Temple led her now:
Where ſhe for *Rhodes* pay'd many a Vow;
And did for ev'ry *Rhodian* mourn
With ſorrows gracefully devout:
But they pay'd back at our return
More vows to her than ſhe laid out.
Vill. If they ſuch gratitude expreſs
For your kind Pray'rs in their diſtreſs,
Ianthe, think, what the Beſieg'd will do
When the Beſieger is or'ecome by you?
Though *Rhodes* by Kings has quite forſaken bin
Without, whilſt all forſake their Chiefs within;
Yet who can tell but Heav'n has now deſign'd
Your ſhining beauty and your brighter mind
To lead us from the darkneſs of this Warr,
Where the Beſieg'd, forgotten Priſ'ners are:
Where glorious minds have been ſo much obſcur'd
That Fame has hardly known
What they have boldly done,
And with a greater boldneſs have endur'd.
Alph. If Heav'n of Innocence unmindfull were,
Ianthe then might many dangers fear.

Your

Your hazards, and what *Rhodes* does hazard too,
Are leſs than mine when I adventure you;
Who doubtfull perills run
That we may try to ſhun
Such certain loſs as nought can elſe prevent.
Adm. Revolted Jealouſie! can he conſent? [*Aſide.*
Iant. If *Rhodes* were not concern'd at all
In what I am deſir'd to undertake
I ſhould it leſs than Duty call
To ſeek the *Sultan* for *Alphonſo*'s ſake.
Alph. The *Sultan* has with forward haſte
Climb'd to the top of high Renown;
And ſure, he cannot now as faſt,
By breaking truſt, run backward down.
Iant. We ſhould not any with Suſpition wound
Whom none detect, much leſs believe that thoſe
In whom by trial we much virtue found
Can quickly all their ſtock of virtue loſe.
Adm. How ſweetly ſhe, like Infant-Innocence, [*Aſide.*
Runs harmleſsly to harm?
High Honour will unarm
It ſelf to furniſh others with defence.
Mar. Her mind, aſcending ſtill o're human heights,
Has all the Valour of our *Rhodian* Knights.
Vil. What more remains but Pray'rs to recommend
Your ſafety to the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
You being theirs much more than ours.
I'l to the *Sultan* for your Paſſport ſend.
Iant. That may diſgrace the truſt which we ſhould give,
And leſſen the effects we ſhould receive.
Let ſuch uſe forms ſo low
As not by trial know
How high the Honour is of *Solyman*;
Who never will deſcend
Till he in Valleys end
That race which he on lofty Hills began.
His pow'r does every day increaſe,

And

And can his honour then grow leſs?
Bright power does like the Sun
Tow'rds chief perfection rub,
When it does high and higher riſe.
From both the beſt effects proceed,
When they from heights their glories ſpread,
And when they Dazzle gazing eyes.
Alph. How far, *Ianthe*, will theſe thoughts extend?
Vain queſtion, Honour has no Journeys end!
Adm. Her honor's ſuch, as he who limits it
Muſt draw a Line to bound an infinite.
Vill. Since Fate has long reſolv'd that you muſt go,
And you a paſs decline, what can we do?
Iant. The great Example which the *Sultan* gave
Of virtue, when he did my honour ſave,
And yours, *Alphonſo*, too in me,
When I was then his Enemy,
Shall bring me now a Suppliant to his Tent;
Without his plighted Word or Paſſport ſent.
So great a teſt of our entire belief
Of Clemency, in ſo Renown'd a Chief,
Is now the greateſt preſent we can make:
His Paſſport is the leaſt that we can take.
Alph. Ianthe, I am learning not to prize
Thoſe dangers, which your virtue can deſpiſe.
Adm. My Love is better taught;
For with the pangs of thought,
I muſt that ſafety much ſuſpect,
Which ſhe too nobly does neglect. [*A ſhout within.*
Vill. You hear them *Admiral*!
Adm. Agen the people call.
Our haſt provoking by a ſhout.
Vill. Go hang a Flag of Treaty out,
High on Saint *Nich'las* Fort!
Then clear the Weſtern port
To make renown'd *Ianthe* way! [*Shout agen.*
Adm. Heark! they grow loud!

That

That tide, the Crowd,
Will not for Lovers leiſure ſtay.
Mar. That ſtorm by ſuddenneſs prevails,
And makes us lower all our Sails.
Vill. To *Muſtapha* I'l ſtrait a Herald ſend,
That *Soʻyman* may melt when he ſhall know
How much we on his mighty mind depend
By truſting more than *Rhodes* to ſuch a Foe.
[*Exeunt* Villerius, Admiral, Marſhal.
Alph. How long *Ianthe* ſhould I grieve
If I perceiv'd you could believe
That I the *Rhodians* can ſo much eſteem,
As to adventure you to reſcue them?
Yet I for *Rhodes* would frankly hazard all
That I could mine, and not *Ianthes* call.
But now I yield to let you go
A pledge of Treaty to the foe,
In hope that ſaving *Rhodes* you may
Prepare to *Cicily* your way.
Were *Rhodes* ſubdu'd, *Ianthe* being there,
Ianthe ſhould the only loſs appear.
Iant. Much from us both is to the *Rhodians* due,
But when I ſue for *Rhodes*, it is for you.
Alph. Ianthe, we muſt part! you ſhall rely
On hope, whilſt I in parting learn to Dye.
Iant. Take back that hope! your dealing is not fair
To give me hope, and leave your ſelf deſpair.
Alph. I will but dream of Death, and then
As virtuouſly as Dying men
Let me to ſcape from future puniſhment
Come to a clear confeſſion, and repent.
Iant. I cannot any ſtory fear
Which of *Alphonſo* I ſhall hear,
Unleſs his Foes in malice tell it wrong.
Alph. Ianthe, my confeſſion is not long,
For ſince it tells what folly did commit
Againſt your honour, ſhame will ſhorten it.

Lend

Iant. Lend me a little of that ſhame;
For I perceive I grow too blame
In practiſing to gueſs what it can be.
Alph. It is my late ignoble Jealouſie.
Though parting now ſeems Death, yet but forgive
That crime, and after parting I may Live.
And as I now again great ſorrow ſhow,
Though I repented well for it before;
So let your pardon with my ſorrows grow;
You much forgave me, but forgive me more.
Iant. Away! Away! How ſoon will this augment
The troubled peoples fears,
When they ſhall ſee me by *Alphonſo* ſent
To treat for *Rhodes* in tears?
Alph. What in your abſence ſhall I do
Worthy of Fame, though not of you?
Iant. By patience, not by action now,
Your virtue muſt ſucceſsfull grow. [*A ſhout within.*
Alph. In throngs the longing people wait
Your comming at the Palace gate.
Let me attend you to the Peer.
Iant. But we muſt leave our ſorrows here.
Let not a *Rhodian* witneſs be
Of any grief in you or me;
For *Rhodes*, by ſeeing us at parting mourn,
Will look for weeping Clouds at my return.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene is Chang'd to the Camp of *Solyman*, the Tents and Guards ſeem near, and part of *Rhodes* at a diſtance.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Ruſtan*.

Pirrh. NOne (Glorious *Sultan*) can your Conqueſt doubt
When *Rhodes* has hung a Flagg of Treaty out.
Soly. Thy courage, haughty *Rhodes*,
(When I account the Odds
Thou haſt oppos'd, by long and vain defence)
Is but a braver kind of Impudence.
Thou knew'ſt my ſtrength, but thou didſt better know
How much I priz'd the brav'ry's of a Foe.
Pirrh. Their Sallies were by ſtealth, and faint of late.
Soly. Can flowing Valour ſtay at ſtanding flood?
Pirrh. No, it will quickly from the mark abate.
Ruſt. And then ſoon ſhew the Dead low Ebb of Blood.
Soly. When thoſe who did ſuch mighty Deeds before,
Shall leſs, but by a little, do,
It ſhews to me and you,
Old *Pirrhus*, that they mean to do no more.
By Treaty they but boldly begg a Peace.
Pirrh. Shall I command that all our Battries ceaſe?
Soly. You may, then draw our out-Guards to the Line.
Pirrh. And I'l prevent the ſpringing of the Mine.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter *Muſtapha.*

Muſt. *Villerius* ſends his Homage to your feet:
And, to declare how low
The pride of *Rhodes* can bow,
Ianthe will be here to Kneel and Treat.
Ruſt. What more can fortune in your favour do?
Beauty, which Conquers Victors, yields to you.
Solym. What wandring Star does lead her forth? Can ſhe
Who ſcorn'd a Paſſport for her Liberty,
Vouchſafe to come, and Treat without it now?
The firſt did Glory, this reſpect may ſhow.
Pow'rs beſt Religion ſhe,
Perhaps does civilly believe
To be eſtabliſh'd, and reform'd in me,
Which counſels Monarchs to forgive.

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrh. A ſecond Morn begins to break from *Rhodes*;
And now that threatning Skie grows clear,
Which was o're caſt with ſmoke of Cannon-Clouds,
The fair *Ianthe* does appear.
Soly. *Pirrhus*, our Forces from the Trenches lead,
And open as our Flying Enſigns ſpread.
And, *Muſtapha*, let her Reception be
As great as is the Faith ſhe has in me.
I keep high Int'reſt hid in this command;
Which you with ſafety may
Implicitly obey,
But not without your Danger underſtand.
Your try'd obedience I ſhall much engage,
Joyn'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.

Muſt. We are content with age, becauſe we live
So long beneath your ſway.
Pirrh. Age makes us fit t' obey
Commands which none but *Solyman* can give.
[*Exeunt* Pirrhus, Muſtapha, Ruſtan.

Soly. Of ſpacious Empire, what can I enjoy?
Gaining at laſt but what I firſt Deſtroy.
Tis fatal (*Rhodes*) to thee,
And troubleſome to me
That I was born to govern ſwarms
Of Vaſſals boldly bred to arms:
For whoſe accurs'd diverſion, I muſt ſtill
Provide new Towns to Sack, new Foes to Kill.
Excuſe that Pow'r, which by my Slaves is aw'd:
For I ſhall find my peace
Deſtroy'd at home, unleſs
I ſeek for them deſtructive Warr abroad.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Roxolana*, *Haly*, *Pirrhus*, *Muſtapha*, *Ruſtan*, Pages, VVomen.

Roxol. Th' Ambaſſadors of *Perſia*, are they come?
Haly. They ſeek your Favour and attend their Doom.
Roxol. The Vizier Baſhaw, did you bid him wait?
Haly. *Sultana*, he does here expect his Fate.
Roxol. You take up all our *Sultans* boſome now;
Have we no place, but that which you allow?
Ruſt. Your Beautious greatneſs does your ear incline
To Rumors of thoſe crimes which are not mine.
My Foes are proſp'rous in their diligence,
And turn ev'n my ſubmiſſion to offence.
Roxol. *Ruſtan*, your Glories riſe, and ſwell too faſt.

You

You muſt ſhrink back, and ſhall repent your haſte.
Muſt. Th' *Egyptian* preſents, which you pleas'd t' aſſign
As a Reward to th' Eunuch *Salladine*,
Are part of thoſe allotments *Haly* had.
Roxol. Let a Diviſion be to *Haly* made.
Pirrh. Th' *Armenian* Cities have their Tribute paid,
And all the *Georgian* Princes ſue for ay'd.
Roxol. Thoſe Cities, *Muſtapha*, deſerve our care.
Pirrhus, ſend ſuccours to the *Georgian* Warr.
Muſt. Th' Embaſſador which did the Jewels bring
From the *Hungarian* Queen, does Audience crave.
Roxol. Pirrhus, be tender of her Infant King.
Who dares Deſtroy that Throne which I would ſave?
Ruſt. Sultana, humbly at your feet I fall,
Do not your *Sultan's* will, my Counſel call.
Roxol. Ruſtan! Go mourn! But you may long repent:
My buſie Pow'r wants leiſure to relent.
Ruſt. Think me not wicked, till I doubt to find
Some ſmall compaſſion in ſo great a mind.
Roxol. Theſe are Court-Monſters, Corm'rants of the Crown:
They feed on Favour till th' are over-grown;
Then ſawcily believe, we Monarchs Wives
Were made but to be Dreſs't
For a Continu'd Feaſt;
To hear ſoft Sounds, and play away our Lives.
They think our Fullneſs is to wain ſo ſoon
As if our Sexes Governeſs, the Moon,
Had plac'd us, but for Sport on Fortunes lapp;
They with bold Pencils, by the changing ſhape
Of our frail Beauty, have our Fortune drawn;
And judge our Breaſts tranſparent as our Lawn;
Our hearts as looſe, and ſoft, and ſlight
As are our Summer veſts of Silk;
Our brains, like to our Feathers light;
Our blood, as ſweet as is our Milk:
And think, when Fav'rites riſe, we are to fall
Meekly as Doves, whoſe Livers have no Gall.

But they ſhall find, I'm no *European* Queen,
Who in a Throne does ſit but to be ſeen;
And Lives in Peace with ſuch State-Thieves as theſe
Who Robb us of our buſineſs for our eaſe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene continues.

The Third Act.

Enter *Solyman, Muſtapha, Pirrhus, Ruſtan.*

Muſt. MAjeſtick *Sultan*! at your feet we fall:
Our Duty 'tis and juſt
To ſay, you have encompaſs'd us with all
That we can private truſt
Or publique Honours call.
Pirrh. In Fields our weak retiring Age you grace
With forward action; and in Court,
Where all your mighty Chiefs reſort,
Even they to us, as Kings to them, give place.
Ruſt. The Cords by which we are oblig'd are ſtrong.
Soly. You all have Loyal been, and Loyal long.
To ſhew I this retain in full belief,
I'le doubly truſt you, with my ſhame, and grief.
A grief which takes up all my Breaſt:
Yet finds the Room ſo narrow too

That

That being ſtraightned there it takes no reſt,
But muſt get out to trouble you.
That grief begets a ſhame which would diſgrace
My pow'r if it were publiſht in my face.
Muſt. Your outward calm does well
Your inward ſtorm diſguiſe.
Ruſt. But long dead calms fore-tell
That tempeſts are to riſe.
Soly. My *Roxolana*, by ambitious ſtrife,
To get unjuſt Succeſſion for her Son,
Has put in doubt
Or blotted out
All the Heroique ſtory of my Life;
And will loſe back the Battails I have wonn.
Pirrh. E're ill advice ſhall lead her far ſhee'l skorn
Her Guide, and, faſter than ſhe went, return.
Muſt. Thoſe who advis'd her ill, in that did do
Much more than we dare hear except from you.
Soly. O *Muſtapha*! is it too much for me
To think, I juſtly may poſſeſſor be
Of one ſoft Boſom, where releas'd from care,
I ſhould ſecurely reſt from toils of Warr?
But now, when daily tir'd with watchfull Life,
(With various turns in doubtfull Fight,
And length of talking Councils) I at night
In vain ſeek Sleep with a tempeſtuous Wife.
Wink at my ſhame, that I, whoſe Banners brave
The world, ſhould thus to Beauty be a Slave.
Pirrh. This Cloud will quickly paſs
From *Roxolana*'s face.
Muſt. The weather then will change from foul to fair.
Ruſt. Tempeſts are ſhort, and ſerve to clear the Air.
Soly. Since I have told my Sickneſs, it is fit
You hear what Cure I have preſcrib'd to it.
Thoſe Lovers Knots I cannot ſtrait untwine,
Which, ſure, were made to laſt
Since they were once ty'd faſt.

With

With ſtrings of *Roxolana*'s heart and mine.
Muſt. How can ſhe vaſt Poſſeſſion more improve?
Has ſhe not all in having all your Love?
Soly. I have deſign'd a way to check her Pride.
It is not yet forgot,
That even the Gordian Knot
At laſt was cut, which could not be unty'd.
Does not the fair *Ianthe* wait
Without, in hope to mitigate,
By ſoft'ning Looks, the *Rhodians* fate?
Let that new Moon appear,
And try her Influence here. [*Exit* Muſtapha.
Pirrh. What Lab'rynth does our *Sultan* mean to tread?
Shall ſtraying Love the Worlds great Leader lead?

Enter *Muſtapha, Ianthe.*

Soly. When warlick Cities (fair Embaſſadreſs)
Begin to treat, they cover their diſtreſs.
In ſhewing you, the Artfull *Rhodians* know
They hide diſtreſs and all their triumphs ſhow.
From with'ring *Rhodes* you freſher Beauty bring,
And ſweeter than the boſom of the Spring.
Iant. Cities (propitious *Sultan*) when they treat,
Conceal their wants, and ſtrength may counterfeit:
But ſure the *Rhodians* would not get eſteem,
By ought pretended in my ſelf or them.
If I could any Beauty wear
Where *Roxolana* fills the Sphear,
Yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.
Soly. Your *Rhodes* has hung a Flagg of Treaty out.
Iant. You can as little then my ſorrows doubt
As I can fear that any humble grief
May ſue to *Solyman* and want relief.
Soly. You oft the proffer'd Freedome did refuſe,
Which now you ſeek, and would have others uſe.

Iant. I then did make my want of merit known;
And thought that gift too much for me alone;
And as 'twas fit
To reckon it
More favour than *Ianthe* ſhould receive;
So it did then appear
That ſingle favours were
Too little for great *Solyman* to give.
Soly. Much is to every Beauty due:
Then how much more to all
Thoſe divers forms we Beauty call;
And all are reconcil'd in you?
But thoſe who here for Peace by Treaty look
Muſt meet with that which Beauty leaſt can brook;
Delay of Court, which makes the Blood ſo cold
That youngeſt Agents here look Pale and Old.
Here you muſt tedious forms of Pow'r obey. -------
Your bus'neſs will all Night require your ſtay.
Iant. Bus'neſs, abroad at Night? ſure bus'neſs then
Only becomes the confidence of Men.
Thoſe who the greateſt Wand'rers are,
Wild Birds, that in the day
Frequent no certain way,
And know no limits in the Air,
Will ſtill at Night diſcreetly come
And take their civil reſt at home.
Soly. Is the protection of my pow'r ſo ſlight,
That in my Camp you are affraid of Night?
Iant. Stay in the Camp at Night, and *Rhodes* ſo near,
Honour my guide, and griev'd *Alphonſo* there?
Soly. Treaties are long, my *Baſſas* old and ſlow:
With whom you muſt debate before you go.
Let not your cauſe by any abſence fail.
Your beautious preſence may on Age prevail.
Iant. Alas, I came not to capitulate,
And ſhew a love of Speech by long debate: [*She kneels.*
But to implore from *Solymon* what he

To *Rhodes* may quickly grant,
And never feel a want
Of that which by diſpatch would doubled be.
Soly. *Ianthe* riſe! your grief may pitty move;
But gracefull grief,
Whilſt it does ſeek relief
May pitty lead to dang'rous ways of Love.
Iant. Why Heav'n, was I miſtaken when I thought
That I the courſeſt ſhape had brought
And the moſt wither'd too that ſorrow wears?
Soly. If you would wither'd ſeem reſtrain your Tears.
The morning Dew makes Roſes blow
And ſweeter ſmell and freſher ſhow.
Take heed, *Ianthe*, you may be too blame.
Did you not truſt me when you hither came?
Will you my honour now too late ſuſpect,
When only that can yours protect?
Iant. If of your virtue my extreme belief
May virtuous favour gain,
My tears I will reſtrain.
It is my faith ſhall ſave me not my grief.
Soly. Conduct her ſtrait to *Roxolana*'s Tent:
And tell my haughty Empreſs I have ſent
Such a myſterious Preſent as will prove
A Riddle both to Honour and to Love.

[*Exeunt ſev'ral ways.*

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beſieg'd.

Enter *Admiral.*

Adm. Dwells not *Alphonſo* in *Ianthes* Breaſt?
As Prince of that fair Palace, not a Gueſt?

Can

Can it be virtue in a *Rhodian* Knight
To ſeek poſſeſſion of anothers right?
Yet how can I his Title there deſtroy
By loving that which he may ſtill enjoy?
My paſſion will no leſs than virtue prove
Whilſt it does much *Ianthes* virtue love.
If in her abſence I her ſafety fear,
Tis virtuous kindneſs then to wiſh her here.
But of her dangers I in vain
Shall with my watchfull fears complain
Till he grow fearfull too, whoſe fears muſt be
Rais'd to the Husbands virtue, Jealouſie. --------

Enter *Villerius*, *Marſhal*.

Vill. Does he not ſeem
As if in Dream,
His courſe by ſtorm were on the Ocean loſt?
Mar. He now draws Cards to ſhun a rocky Coaſt.
Adm. The fooliſh world does Jealouſie miſtake:
'Tis civil care, which kindneſs does improve.
Perhaps the Jealous are too much awake;
But others dully ſleep o're thoſe they love.
He muſt be jealous made, for that kind fear,
When known, will quickly bring and ſtay her here.
Vill. What can thy ſilence now portend,
When the aſſembled People ſend
Their thankfullneſs to Heav'n in one loud Voice?
The hungry, wounded, and the ſick rejoyce.
Mar. Our Quires in long proceſſion ſing,
The Bells of all our Temples ring,
Our Enemies
Begin to riſe,
And from our Walls are to their Camp retir'd
To ſee *Ianthe* there in triumph ſhown.

Their Canon in a loud Salute are fir'd,
And eccho'd too by louder of our own.
Who is ſo dully bred,
Or rather who ſo dead
Whom fair *Ianthes* triumph cannot move?
From th' Oceans boſom it will call,
A ſinking *Admiral*
Who flies to ſtormy Seas from ſtorms of Love.

Enter *Alphonſo.*

Alph. Our Foes (great Maſter) wear the looks of friends.
A *Zanjack* from the Camp attends
Behind the out-let of the Peer;
And he demands your private ear. [*Exit* Villerius.
Adm. Would you had met *Ianthe* there.
Alph. Since well receiv'd, you wiſh her here too ſoon.
The morning led her out
And we may doubt
How her diſpatch could bring her back e're Noon.
Adm. Her high reception was but juſtly due;
Who with ſuch noble confidence,
Could with her Sexes fears diſpence,
And truſting *Solyman* could part from you.
Alph. By that we may diſcern her riſing mind
O're all the Pinnacles of Female kind.
Adm. Strangely ſhe ſhun'd what Cuſtom does afford,
The pledges of his Paſs and plighted word.
Alph. Not knowing guilt, ſhe knows no fear,
And ſtill muſt ſtrange in all appear,
As well as ſingular in this;
The Crowd of Common gazers fill
Their eyes with objects low and ill,
But ſhe a high and good Example is.

Enter

Enter *Villerius, Marſhal.*

Mar. *Ianthes* Lawrels hourly will increaſe!
Vill. I have receiv'd ſome ſecret ſigns of peace
From *Muſtapha*, whoſe truſted Meſſenger
Has brought me counſel how to counſel her.
She muſt a while make ſuch appliances
As may the haughty *Roxolana* pleaſe,
To whom ſhe now by *Solyman* is ſent,
And does remain our Liegeer in her Tent.
Adm. In *Turkiſh* Dialect, that word, remain,
May many ſumms of tedious hours contain:
And in a *Rhodian* Lovers ſwift accompt,
To what a Debt will that ſad reck'ning mount?
Vill. To night, *Alphonſo*, you muſt ſleep alone.
But Time is ſwift, a night is quickly gone.
For Lovers nights are like their ſlumbers, ſhort. -----
I muſt diſpatch this *Zanjack* to the Court.
Alph. The quiet Bed of Lovers is the Grave; } *Exeunt* Ville-
For we in Death, no ſence of abſence have. } rius, Marſhal.
Adm. *Rhodes* in her view, her Tent within your ſight!
And yet to be divided a whole Night!
Alph. A ſingle night would many ages ſeem,
Were I not ſure that we ſhall meet in Dream.
Adm. She muſt no more ſuch dang'rous Viſits make,
Me-thinks I grow malicious for your ſake,
And rather wiſh *Rhodes* ſhould of freedome fail,
Than that *Ianthes* power ſhould now prevail.
Alph. Your words myſterious grow.
Adm. *Alphonſo*, no.
For if whilſt thus you for her abſence mourn
Her pow'r ſhould much appear,
She'l want excuſe,
Unleſs ſhe uſe

A little of that power, for her Return
To day, and nightly reſting here.
Alph. The hardned Steel of *Solyman* is ſuch,
As with the Edge does all the World command,
And yet that Edge is ſoftned with the touch
Of *Roxolana*'s gentle hand.
And as his hardneſs yields, when ſhe is near,
So may *Ianthes* ſoftneſs govern her.
Adm. The day ſufficient ſeems for all addreſs,
And is at Court the ſeaſon of acceſs;
Deprive not *Roxolana* of her right;
Let th' Empreſs lye with *Solyman* at night.
And as that privilege to her is due,
So ſhould *Ianthe* ſleep at *Rhodes* with you.
Alph. I'le write! The *Zanjack* for my Letter ſtays;
Love walks his round, and leads me in a Maze. [*Exit.*
Adm. Love does *Alphonſo* in a Circle lead;
And none can trace the wayes which I muſt tread.
Lovers, in ſearching Loves Records, will find
But very few like me,
That ſtill would Virtuous be,
Whilſt to anothers Wife I ſtill am kind.
And whilſt that Wife I like a Lover woo,
I uſe all art
That from her Husband ſhe may never part,
And yet even then would make him Jealous too. [*Exit.*

The Scene returns to that of the Camp.

Enter *Roxolana*, *Haly*.

Roxol. Think, *Haly*, think, what I ſhould ſwiftly do?
A *Rhodian* Lady, and a Beauty too,

In

In my Pavilion lodg'd? It ſerves to prove
His ſetled hatred and his wandring Love.
Who did he ſend to plant this Canker here?
Haly. Old Baſſa *Muſtapha.*
Roxol. Bid him appear. [*Exit* Haly.
Hope, thou grow'ſt weak, and thou haſt been too ſtrong.
Like Night, thou com'ſt too ſoon, and ſtay'ſt too long.
Hence! ſmiling Hope! with growing Infants play:
If I diſmiſs thee not, I know
Thou of thy ſelf wilt go,
And canſt no longer than my Beauty ſtay.
I'le open all the Doors to let thee out:
And then call in thy next Succeſſor, Doubt.
Come Doubt, and bring thy lean Companion, Care.
And, when you both are lodg'd, bring in Deſpair.

Enter *Muſtapha, Haly.*

Muſt. Our op'ning Buds, and falling Bloſſoms, all
That we can freſh and fragrant call,
That Spring can promiſe, and the Summer pay,
Be ſtrew'd in *Roxolana*'s way.
On Natures faireſt Carpets let her tread;
And there, through Calms of peace, long may ſhe lead
That Pow'r which we have follow'd farr;
And painfully, through ſtorms of Warr.
Roxol. Bleſſings are cheap, and thoſe you can afford:
Yet you are kinder than your frowning Lord.
I dare accuſe him; but it is too late. ------- [*Weeps.*
What means that pretty property of State,
Which is from *Rhodes* for Midnight Treaties ſent?
Private Caballs of Lovers in my Tent?
Your Valour, *Muſtapha*, ſerv'd to convay
Loves freſh ſupplies. You Souldiers can make way.
Was it not greatly done to bring her here?
Muſt. Duty in that did over-rule my fear.

It was the Mighty *Solymans* command.
Roxol. Thou fatal Fool! how canſt thou think
To find a Baſis where thou firm mayeſt ſtand
On thoſe rough Waters where I ſink?
Muſt. If *Roxolana* were not rank'd above
Mankind, ſhe ſtrait would fall
Before that Pow'r which all
The valiant follow, and the virtuous love.
Roxol. I grow immortal; for I Life diſdain:
Which ill with thy diſlike of Dying ſuits.
Yet thou, for ſafety, fear'ſt great pow'r in vain;
Who here, art but a Subject to my Mutes. ------

Maſtapha Draws a Parchment.

Muſt. Peruſe the dreaded Will of anger'd Pow'r;
Toucht with the Signet of the Emperour:
It does enjoyn *Ianthes* ſafety here:
She muſt be ſought with Love, and ſerv'd with Fear.
This diſobey'd; your Mutes, who ſtill make haſte
To cruelty, may reſt for want of breath.
Tis order'd they ſhall ſuddenly be paſt
Their making ſigns, and ſhall be dumb with Death.
This dreadfull Doom from *Solyman* I give.
But if his will, which is our Law,
Be met with an obedient awe,
The Empreſs then may long in triumph Live. [*She weeps.*
Roxol. Begon! thy Duty is officious fear.
If I am ſoft enough to grieve,
It is to ſee the *Sultan* leave
The Warring World, and end his Conqueſts here. -------
Crawl to my *Sultan* ſtill, officious grow!
Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow. [*Exit* Muſtapha.
Haly. Preſerve with temper your Imperial mind;
And, till you can expreſs

Your

Your wrath with good ſucceſs,
By angring others to your ſelf be kind. ------
Roxol. If thou canſt weep, thou canſt endure to bleed:
Men who Compaſſion feel have Valour too:
I ſhall thy Courage more than Pitty need:
Dar'ſt thou contrive as much as I dare do?
Haly. I'le on, as far as weary Life can go.
Roxol. Then I ſhall want no aid to my deſign:
Wee'l digg below them, and blow up their Mine.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beleaguer'd.

The Fourth Act.

Enter *Solyman, Muſtapha, Ruſtan.*

Soly. CAn *Roxolana* ſuch a Rival bear?
Muſt. She has her fits of courage and of fear.
As ſhe does high againſt your anger grow,
So, truſting ſtrait your Love, ſhe ſtoops as low.
Soly. Her Chamber-Tempeſts I have known too well:
She quickly can with winds of paſſion ſwell;
And then as quickly has the Womans pow'r
Of laying Tempeſts with a weeping ſhowr.
What looks does the detain'd *Ianthe* ſhew?
Muſt. She ſtill is calm in all her fears,

Ruſt. And ſeems ſo Lovely in her Tears
As when the Mornings face is waſht in Dew.

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrh. The world ſalutes you *Sultan*! Ev'ry Pow'r
Does ſhrink before your Throne; and ev'ry how'r
A flying Packet or an Agent brings
From *Aſia*, *Afrique*, and *European* Kings. -----
Soly. With Packets to old *Zanger* go;
Who, free'd from action, can with ſleep diſpence;
And having little now to do,
May read dull Volumes of Intelligence.
Theſe Writing-Princes covet to ſeem wiſe
In Packets, and by formal Embaſſies:
They would with Symphonies of civil words
(Sweet ſounds of Court) charm rudeneſs from our Swords:
Teach us to lay our Gauntlets by,
That they unarm'd, and harmleſsly,
From fartheſt Realms, by *Proxy*, might ſhake hands;
And, off'ring uſeleſs friendſhip, ſave their Lands.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Villerius, Alphonſo, Admiral, Marſhal.*

Adm. He came diſguis'd, who brought your Letter here,
And ſought ſuch privacy as argu'd fear.
Mar. But (Sov'raign Maſter) yours did ſeem to be
Convey'd by one leſs pain'd with Secreſie;
Who does for anſwer ſtay.
Vill. Mine came from *Muſtapha*;
It would import a promiſing increaſe
Of our Conditions by approaching peace.

But

But does requeſt us to conſent
That fair *Ianthe* may yet longer ſtay
In pow'rfull *Roxolana*'s Tent;
And that requeſt we underſtand
As a command
Which, though we would not grant, we muſt obey.
Alph. Mine by a Chriſtian Slave was brought;
Who from the Eunuch Baſſa, *Haly*, came;
And was by *Roxolana* wrote:
See the *Sultana*'s Signet and her Name.
She writes --- but oh! why have I breath
To tell, how much 'tis worſe than Death
Not to be Dead
Ere I agen this Letter read?
Adm. Oh my prophetick fear!
Alph. She writes, that if I hold my honour dear;
Or if *Ianthe* does that honour prize,
I ſhould with all the art
Of love, confirm her heart,
And ſtrait from *Solyman* divert her Eyes.
Adm. Who knows what end this dire beginning bodes?
Alph. And here ſhe likewiſe ſays,
He to *Ianthe* lays
A cloſer Siege than ere he did to *Rhodes*.
Adm. *Ianthe*, I will ſtill my Love purſue; [*Aſide.*
Be kind to thee, and to *Alphonſo* true:
But Loves ſmall policies Great Honour now
Will hardly to my Rival-ſhip allow:
Thoſe little Arts, bold Duke, I muſt lay by
And urge thy Courage more than Jealouſie.
Vill. Where is thy honour now, fam'd Eaſtern Lord?
Adm. Why ſought we not his Paſſport or his Word?
Alph. How durſt *Ianthe* have ſo little fear
As to believe
That in the Camp ſhe could receive
Freedome from him who did beſiege her here?
Adm. Whilſt in her own diſpoſe ſhe here remain'd

I of the brav'ry of her truſt complain'd:
Her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd,
And muſt not be upbraided but reliev'd.
Vill. To reſcue *Rhodes* ſhe did her ſelf forſake;
And *Rhodes* ſhall nobly pay that virtue back.
Alph. Great Maſter! what ſhall poor *Alphonſo* do?
Since all he has *Ianthe's* is;
And now in this
Muſt owe *Ianthe* and her fame to you.
Vill. If any virtue can in Valour be:
Adm. Or any Valour in a *Rhodian* Knight;
Alph. Or any Lover can have Loyalty.
Vill. Or any Warriour can in Love delight.
Mar. If abſence makes not mighty Love grow leſs.
Adm. Or gentle Lovers can compaſſion feel.
Alph. If Loyal Beauty, when in deep diſtreſs,
Can melt our hearts, and harden all our Steel.
Vill. Then let us here in ſacred Vows combine.
My Vow is ſeal'd ----- [*They joyn their Swords.*
Adm. And mine. -----
Mar. And mine. -----
Alph. And trebly mine. -----
Vill. Behold us, Fame, then ſtay thy flight,
And hover o're our Towers to Night.
Freſh wings together with the Morning take;
As early as afflicted Lovers wake.
Then Tell the World that we have joyn'd our Swords;
But 'tis for griev'd *Ianthe*, not for *Rhodes*.
Alph. Now we ſhall proſper, who were weary grown
In *Rhodes*, and never could ſucceſsfull prove
When Empire led us forth to ſeek Renown,
For honour ſhould no Leader have but Love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene is Chang'd.

Being wholly fill'd with *Roxolana*'s Rich Pavilion, Wherein is diſcern'd at diſtance, *Ianthe* ſleeping on a Couch; *Roxolana* at one End of it, and *Haly* at the other; Guards of Eunuchs are Diſcover'd at the wings of the Pavilion; *Roxolana* having a *Turkiſh* Embroidered Handkerchief in her left hand, And a naked Ponyard in her right.

Roxol. THou doſt from beauty *Solyman*,
As much refrain as nature can;
Who, making Beauty, meant it ſhould be lov'd.
But how can I my Station keep
Till thou, *Ianthe*, art by Death remov'd?
To Dye, when thou art young,
Is but too ſoon to fall aſleep
And lye aſleep too long.
Haly. Your Dreadfull will what power can here Command
But pitty? Oh let pitty ſtay your hand! -----
Roxol. Sultan, I will not weep, becauſe my tears
Cannot ſuffice to Quench thy loves falſe flame:
Nor will I to a paleneſs bleed,
To ſhow my loves true fears,
Becauſe I rather need
More blood to help to bluſh away thy ſhame.

How

Haly. How far are all his former Virtues gone?
Turn back the progreſs of forgetfull Time:
The many Favours by your *Sultan* done
Should now excuſe him for one purpos'd crime.
Roxol. Haly, Conſult! Can I do ill
If many foul adult'ries I prevent,
When I but one Fair Miſtreſs kill?
Haly. Be not too early here with Puniſhment.
Your *Sultan* now
Does only ſhow
The grudgings of a Lovers feavriſh fit.
You find his inclinations ſtrange,
But, being new, they ſoon may change;
And they have reacht but to intention yet.
Roxol. Long before deeds Heav'n calls intention ſin.
Tis good to end what he would ill begin.
Haly. Do not relinquiſh yet your firſt deſign.
Before you darken all her Light
Examine, by your judging Sight,
If in your Sphear ſhe can unblemiſht ſhine.
You ment to prove her Virtue and firſt try
How well ſhe here could as a Rival live,
E're as a judg'd Adultreſs ſhe ſhould Dye:
In pard'ning her you *Solyman* forgive.
And can you add to your lov'd greatneſs more
When able to forgive the greateſt pow'r?
Roxol. Tell me agen *Alphonſo*'s ſhort reply
When I by letter wak'd his Jealouſie;
And counſel'd him to write and to adviſe
His wife to lock her Breaſt, and ſhut her Eyes?
Haly. With ſilence firſt he did his ſorrows bear;
Then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear:
At laſt, ſaid ſhe was now paſt Counſel grown;
Or elſe could take no better than her own.
Roxol. His thoughts a double Vizard wear,
And only lead me to ſuſpence,
It ſeems he does her dangers fear,

And

And fain would truſt her innocence.
Wake her! I will purſue my firſt deſign. ----
Haly. I go to draw the Curtain of a ſhrine. ----
Awake! Behold the pow'rfull Empreſs here.
{ Ianthe *riſes and walks at diſtance from* Roxolana.
Iant. Heav'n has the greateſt pow'r;
Heav'n ſeeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.
This is my fatal how'r.
Roxol. Though beautious when ſhe ſlept
Yet now would I had kept
Her ſafely ſleeping ſtill.
She, waking, turns my Envy into ſhame;
And does it ſo reclaim
That I am Conquer'd who came here to kill.
Iant. What dangers ſhould I fear?
Her brow grows ſmooth and clear:
Yet ſo much greatneſs cannot want diſguiſe.
The Great live all within;
And are but ſeldome ſeen
Looking abroad through Caſements of their Eyes.
Roxol. Have courage fair *Sicilian*, and come near. ---
Iant. My diſtance ſhews my Duty more than fear.
Roxol. I have a Preſent for you, and 'tis ſuch
As comes from one who does believe
It is for you too little to receive;
And I, perhaps, may think it is too much.
Iant. Who dares be bountifull to low diſtreſs?
Who to *Ianthe* can a Preſent make
When *Rhodes* beſieg'd has all ſhe would poſſeſs;
And all the world does ruin'd *Rhodes* forſake?
Roxol. The Preſent will not make the Giver poor;
And, though 'tis ſingle now, it quickly can
Be multipli'd; you ſhall have many more:
It is this kiſs ----- It comes from *Solyman*.
Iant. You did your Creature courage give;
And made me hope that I had leave to live

When

When you from dutious diſtance call'd me near:
But now I ſoon ſhall courage lack:
I am amaz'd, and muſt go back:
Amazement is the uggli'ſt ſhape of fear.

Roxol. Are Chriſtian Ladies ſo reſerv'd and ſhy?

Iant. Our ſacred Law does give
Them precepts how to live,
And Nature tells them they muſt Dye.

Roxol. Tis well they to their Husbands are ſo true.
But ſpeak, *Ianthe*, are they all like you?

Iant. I hope they are, and better too,
Or, if they are not, will be ſo.

Roxol. They have been ſtrangely injur'd then.
But Rumour does miſtake.
Some ſay they viſits make;
And they are viſited by Men.

Iant. What cuſtom does avow
Our Laws in Time allow;
And thoſe who never guilty be
Suſpect not others liberty.

Roxol. This would in *Aſia* wonderfull appear:
But Time may introduce that Faſhion here.
Come nearer! Is your Husband kind and true?

Iant. If good to good I may compare
(Excepting Greatneſs) I would dare
To ſay, he is as *Solyman* to you.

Roxol. As he to me? How ſtrong is innocence?
Prevailing till tis free to give offence.
Indeed, *Alphonſo*, has a large renown;
Which does ſo daily ſpread
As it the world may lead;
And ſhould not be contracted in a Town.

Iant. As we in all agree
So he will prove like me
A lowly ſervant to your riſing Fame.

Roxol. But is he kind to you, and free from blame?
Civil by day, and loyal too at Night?

By

Iant. By Nature not by skill
He is as cheerfull ſtill
And as unblemiſht as unſhaded light.
Roxol. Theſe Chriſtian-Turtles live too happily.
I wiſh, for breed, they would to *Aſia* fly. -----
You muſt not at ſuch diſtance ſtand;
Draw near, and give me your fair hand. -----
I have another Preſent for you now;
And ſuch a Preſent as I know
You will much better than the firſt allow;
Though *Solyman* will not eſteem it ſo.
Tis from my ſelf ----- of friendſhip ſuch a Seal ---- [*Kiſſes her.*
As you to *Solyman* muſt ne'r reveal. -----
And that I may be more aſſur'd,
By this agen you are conjur'd. -----
Iant. Preſents ſo good and great as theſe
I ſhould receive upon my knees.
Roxol. I will not, leſt I may revive your fear,
Relate the cauſe of your confinement here.
But know, I muſt
Your virtue truſt;
Which, proving loyal, you are ſafe in mine.
Iant. The light of Angels ſtill about you ſhine!
Haly. The dang'rous ſecrets of th' Imperial Bed } Haly *takes*
Are darker than the riddles of the Throne. } Ianthe *aſide.*
The Glaſs, in which their Characters are read
We Eunuchs grin'd, and tis but ſeldome ſhown.
Iant. I ſhall with cloſe and wary Eyes
Retire from all your Myſteries.
And when occaſion ſhall my honour truſt,
You'l find I have ſome courage, and am juſt.
Roxol. Perhaps, *Ianthe*, you may ſhortly hear
Of Clouds, which threatning me, may urge your fear.
Be virtuous ſtill! tis true my *Sultan* frowns, ----- [*She weeps.*
But, let him winn more Battails, take more Towns;
And be all day the fore-moſt in the Fight;
Yet he ſhall find that I will rule at Night. [Haly *looks in.*

Haly. The Guards increaſe, and many Mutes appear,
Lifting their Lights, to ſhew the *Sultan* near.
Roxol. My new ſeal'd friendſhip I muſt now lay by
A while, and ſeem your jealous Enemy.
Be to your ſelf, and to *Alphonſo* true.
Ian. As he to me, and virtue is to you. [Ianthe *ſteps at diſtance.*

Enter *Solyman.*

Soly. Has Night loſt all her dark dominion here?
High hopes diſturb your ſleep;
But I ſuſpect you keep
Ianthe waking not with hope but fear.
Roxol. Too well, and much too ſoon I know
Whom you are pleas'd to grace:
However, ſince it muſt be ſo,
You'l find I can give place.
Soly. You had a place, too near me, and too high.
If but a little you remove
From place of Empire or of love
You ſoon become but as a ſtander-by.
One ſtep deſcending from a ſhining Throne,
You to the darkeſt depth fall ſwiftly down.
Roxol. If I ſat nearer to you than 'twas fit
For Empires Heraulds to admit,
(I being born below, and you above)
Pray call in Death, and I'le, even then, bring Love.
To theſe all places equal be;
For Love and Death know no degree.
Soly. I cannot Paſſions riddles underſtand.
Roxol. You ſtill have preſent Death at your Command;
But former Love you have laid by:
Which, being gone, you know that I can Dye. ----- [*Weeps.*
Soly. I better know that you have cauſe to weep.
[*Turns to* Ianthe.
Ianthe, all is calm within your Breaſt,

Retire

Retire into the quiet ſhade of ſleep,
And let not watchfull fear divert your reſt.
Let all the Nations of my Camp ſuffice,
As Guards, to keep you from my Enemies;
(For of your own
You can have none)
Whilſt I but as Loves Sent'nel on you wait,
Arm'd with his Bow, at your Pavilion Gate.
Iant. Heav'n put it in your mighty mind
Quickly to be,
More than to me,
To all the Valiant *Rhodians* kind.
And may you grieve to think how many mourn
Till you ſhall end their griefs at my return.
Soly. You ſhall not Languiſh with delay.
But this is buſ'neſs for the day.
Tis now ſo late at Night that all Loves ſpies,
Parents, and Husbands too,
The watchfull, and the Watcht ſeal up their Eyes;
And Lovers ceaſe to woo. [*Exeunt* Haly, Ianthe.
Roxol. You alter ev'ry year the Worlds known face;
Whilſt Cities you remove, and Nations chace.
Theſe great mutations (which, with ſhril
And ceaſeleſs ſounds, Fame's Trumpet fill,
And ſhall ſeem wonders in her brazen Books)
Much leſs amaze me than your alter'd looks;
Where I can read your Loves more fatal change.
Soly. You make my frowns, yet ſeem to think them ſtrange.
Roxol. You ſeek a Stranger, and abandon me.
Soly. Strange Coaſts are welcome after Storms at Sea.
Roxol. That various mind will wander very farr,
Which, more than home, a forein Land preferrs.
Soly. The wiſe, for quietneſs, when civil Warr
Does rage at home, turn private Travailers.
Roxol. Your loves long froſt has made my boſom cold.
Soly. Let not the cauſe be in your Story told.
Roxol. A colder heart Death's hand has never felt:

But tis ſuch Ice as you may break, or melt. ----- [*She weeps.*

Soly. I never ſhall complain
When you are wet with Rain,
Which ſofter paſſion, does thus gently powr.
What more in Seaſon is than ſuch a ſhowr?
You ſtill, through little Clouds, would lovely ſhow,
Were all your *April*-weather calm as now.
But *March* reſembles more your haughty Mind;
Froward and loud oftner than calmly kind.
Weather which may not inconvenient prove
To Country Lovers, born but to make love;
Who grieve not when they mutual kindneſs doubt,
But with indiff'rence meet a frown or ſmile;
As having frequent leiſure to fall out,
And their divided breaſts to reconcile.

Roxol. The world had leſs ſad buſ'neſs known, if you
Had been ordain'd for ſo much leiſure too.

Soly. Monarchs, who onward ſtill with Conqueſt move,
Can only for their ſhort diverſion love.
When a black Cloud in Beauties sky appears,
They cannot wait till Time the Tempeſt clears.
Whilſt they, to ſave a ſullen Miſtreſs, ſtay,
The worlds Dominion may be caſt away.

Roxol. Why is Dominion priz'd above
Wiſe Natures great concernment, Love?

Soly. Of Heav'n what have we found, which we do more
And ſooner, than exceeding Pow'r adore?
The wond'rous things which that Chief Pow'r has done,
Are to thoſe early Spies, our Senſes, ſhown:
And muſt at length to Reaſon be aſſur'd:
Yet how, or what, Heav'n loves is much obſcur'd.
And our uncertain love
(Perhaps not bred above,
But in low Regions, like the wand'ring winds)
Shews diff'rent Sexes more than equal Minds.

Roxol. Your love, indeed, is prone to change,
And like the wandring Wind does range.

The

The gale awhile tow'rds *Cyprus* blew;
It turn'd to *Creet*, and ſtronger grew;
Then, on the *Lycian* ſhore, it favour'd me:
But now, *Ianthe* ſeeks in *Sicily*.

Soly. In progreſſes of Warr and Love
Victors with equal haſte muſt move:
And in attempts of either make no ſtay:
They can but Viſit, Conquer, and away.

Roxol. Love's moſt Victorious and moſt cruel Foe!
Forſake me, and to meaner Conqueſts go!
To Warrs, where you may Sack and Over-run,
Till your Succeſs has all the World undone.
Advance thoſe Trophies which you ought to hide;
For wherefore are they rais'd
But to have ſlaughter prais'd,
And courage, which is but applauded pride?

Soly. In ſo much Rain I knew a Guſt would come:
I'le ſhun the riſing Storm and give it room.

Roxol. Loves Foes are ever haſty in Retreat;
You can march off; but 'tis for fear
Leſt you ſhould hear
Thoſe Mournings which your cruelties beget.

Soly. The fear is wiſe which you upbray'd;
For, whilſt thus terrible you grow,
I muſt confeſs, I am affraid,
And not aſham'd of being ſo.

Roxol. Go where you cover greater fear
Than that which you diſſemble here:
Where you breed ill your miſ-begotten Fame,
When charging Armies and aſſaulting Towns,
You raviſh Nations with as little ſhame
As now you ſhew in your injurious frowns.

Soly. If we grow fearfull at the face of Warr,
You, juſtly, may our terrour blame,
Since, by your darings, we might learn to dare.
Would you as well could teach us ſhame.

Roxol. Your fears appear, even in your darings, great;

You

You would not elſe ſound chęerfull Trumpets when
The charge begins, whilſt Drumms with Clamour beat,
To raiſe the courage of your mighty Men.
With Warrs loud Muſick ſhowts are mingled too;
Which boaſtingly ſuch cruel deeds proclaim
As Beaſts, through thickeſt Furrs, would bluſh to do,
Your wives may breed up Wolves to teach you ſhame.
Soly. Tis not ſtill dang'rous when you angry grow:
For, *Roxolana*, you can anger ſhow
To thoſe whom you, perhaps, can never hate.
This paſſion is; but you have crimes of State.
Roxol. Call Nature to be Judge! what have I done?
Soly. You have a Husband loſt to ſave a Son.
Roxol. *Sultan*, that Son is yours as much mine.
Soly. He has ſome luſtre got in Fight;
But yet, beyond the dawning light
Of his new glory, *Muſtapha* does ſhine;
Who is the Pledge of my Circaſian Wife;
And from my blood as great a ſhare of life
May challenge as your Son. Has he not worn
A Victors Wreath? He is my Eldeſt born.
Roxol. Becauſe her Son the Empire ſhall enjoy,
Muſt therefore ſtrangling Mutes my Sons deſtroy?
Since Eldeſt born you may him Empire give:
But mine, as well as he were born to Live.
They may, as yours, though by a ſecond Wife,
Inherit that which Nature gave them, Life.
Soly. Whilſt any Life I ſhew by any breath,
Who dares approach them in the ſhape of Death?
Roxol. When you to Heavens high Palace ſhall remove,
To meet much more compaſſion there
Than you have ever felt, and far more love
Than ere your heart requited here;
Will not your Baſſas then preſume to do
What cuſtom warrants and our Prieſthood too?
Soly. Thoſe are the ſecret Nerves of Empires force.
Empire grows often high

By rules of cruelty,
But ſeldome proſpers when it feels remorſe.
Roxol. Accurſed Empire! got and bred by Art!
Let Nature govern; or at leaſt
Divide our Mutual intereſt:
Yield yours to Death, and keep alive my part.
Soly. Beauty retire! Thou doſt my pitty move!
Believe my pitty, and then truſt my love! ----- [*Exit* Roxolana.
At firſt I thought her by our Prophet ſent
As a reward for Valours toils;
More worth than all my Fathers ſpoils:
And now, ſhe is become my puniſhment.
But thou art juſt, O Pow'r Divine!
With new and painfull Arts
Of ſtudy'd Warr I break the Hearts
Of half the World, and ſhe breaks mine.

[*Exit.*

The

The Scene is chang'd to a Proſpect of *Rhodes* by night, and the Grand Maſters Palace on Fire.

The Fifth Act.

Enter *Solyman, Pirrhus, Ruſtan.*

Soly. LOok *Pirrhus*, Look! what means that ſudden light,
Which caſts a paleneſs o're the face of Night?
The Flame ſhews dreadfull, and aſcends ſtill higher?
Pirrh. The *Rhodian* Maſters Palace is on Fire!
Ruſt. A greater from Saint *George's* Tower does ſhine!
Soly. Chance it would ſeem, but does import deſign!

Enter *Muſtapha.*

Muſt. Their Flagg of Treaty they have taken in!
Soly. Dare they this ending Warr again begin?
Pirrh. They feed their flames to light their forces out!
Ruſt. And now, ſeem ſallying from the *French* Redoubt!
Muſt. Old *Orcan* takes already the Alarm!
Soly. Need they make fires to keep their Courage warm?
Pirrh. The *Engliſh* now advance!
Soly. Let them proceed!
Their Croſs is bloody, and they come to bleed.
Set all the Turn-pikes open, let them in!
Thoſe Iſland Gameſters may,

(Who

(Who Deſperately for honour play)
Behold fair ſtakes, and try what they can winn.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Villerius, Alphonſo, Admiral, Marſhal.*

Vill. Burn, Palace, burn! Thy flame more beautious grows
Whilſt higher it aſcends.
That now muſt ſerve to light us to our Foes
Which long has lodg'd our Friends.
Alph. It ſerves not only as a light
To guide us in ſo black a Night;
But to our Enemies will terrour give.
Mar. Who (ſeeing we ſo much deſtroy,
What we in triumph did enjoy,
That now we know not where to Live)
Will ſtrait conclude that boldly we dare Dye.
Vill. And thoſe, who to themſelves lov'd life deny,
Want ſeldome Pow'r to aid their will
When they would others kill.
Adm. Speak both of killing and of ſaving too.
The utmoſt that our Valour now can do
Is when, by many Baſſas, Pris'ners ta'ne,
We freedome for diſtreſt *Ianthe* gain.
Alph. A Jewel too ſufficient to redeem
Great *Solyman* were he in Chains with them.
Vill. Here ſpread our Front! Our Rear is all come forth.
We lead Two Thouſand *Rhodian* Knights;
All skill'd in various Fights:
Fame's Role contains no names of higher worth.
In whiſpers give command
To make a ſtand!
Adm. Stand!
within. 1 Stand! 2 Stand! 3 Stand!

Vill. Divide our Knights, and all their *Martial* Train!
Alph. Let me by Storm the *Sultan*'s Quarter gain.
Adm. My Lot directs my Wing to *Muſtapha*.
Mar. To *Pirrhus*, o're his Trench, I'le force my way.
Vill. Our honour bids us give a brave defeat;
Whilſt Prudence leaves Reſerves for a Retreat.
All Lovers are concern'd in what we do.
Loves Crown depends on you, on you, and you.
Love's Bow is not ſo fatal as my Sword.
Alph. As mine.
Adm. And mine.
Together. *Ianthe* is the Word.

[*Exeunt.*

A Symphony expreſſing a Battail is play'd awhile.

Enter *Solyman.*

Soly. More Horſe! more Horſe, to ſhake their Ranks!
Bid *Orchan* haſte to gaul their Flanks.
Few *Rhodian* Knights, making their ſeveral ſtands,
Out-ſtrike Aſſemblies of our many Hands.

Enter *Muſtapha, Ruſtan.*

Muſt. *Morat*, and Valiant *Zangiban* are ſlain.
Ruſt. But *Orcan* does their yielded ground regain.
Soly. Our Creſcents ſhine not in the ſhade of Night.
But now the Creſcent of the Sky appears;
Our valour riſes with her lucky light;
And all our Fighters bluſh away their fears.

Enter

Enter *Pirrhus.*

Pirrh. More Pikes! and paſs the *French*! fall in! fall in!
That we may gain the day e're day begin.
Soly. Advance with all our Guards! This doubtfull ſtrife
Leſs grieves me than our odds
Of number againſt *Rhodes*;
By which we honour loſe to reſcue Life.

[*Exeunt.*

A Symphany ſounds a Battail again.

The Scene Returns to the Town Beſieg'd.

Enter *Villerius, Marſhal.*

Vill. SEnd back! ſend back! to quench our fatal fire!
E're Morning does advance we muſt retire;
Juſtly aſham'd to let the days great Light
Shew what a little we have done to Night.

Enter *Admiral.*

Adm. We have been Shipwrackt in a Midnight ſtorm;
Who hither came (Great Maſter) to perform
Such deeds as might have given us cauſe to boaſt.
Mar. We found the Night too black,
And now no uſe can make
Of Day but to diſcern that we are loſt.

Vill. Can thy great Courage mention our defeat
Whilſt any Life is left to make retreat?
Adm. It is a juſt rebuke.
Vill. Where is the Duke?
Adm. Long tir'd with Valour's toils, and in his Breaſt
O're charg'd with Lovers griefs, he ſought for reſt.
To Fames eternal Temple he is gone.
And I may fear
Is enter'd there,
Where Death does keep the narrow Gate,
And lets in none
But thoſe whom painfull Honour brings,
Many, without, in vain for entrance wait,
With warrants ſeal'd by mighty Kings.
Vill. *Villerius* never yet by *Turkiſh* Swords
Was cut ſo deep as by thy wounding words.
Is that great Youth, the Prince of Lovers, ſlain?
Adm. Who knows how much of Life he does retain?
Twice I reliev'd him from the double force
Of *Zangibans* old foot, and *Orcan's* Horſe.
My ſtrength was over-pow'rd; and he ſtill bent
To follow Honour to the *Sultans* Tent.
Mar. *Alphonſo's* Story has this ſodain end:
Ianthe may a longer fate attend.
Vill. Of Lifes chief hope we are bereft.
Go rally all whom Death has left.
Let our remaining Knights make good the Peer.
Our hearts will ſerve to beat,
Unheard, a ſtoln Retreat.
Adm. But ſhall we leave *Ianthe* Captive here?
Vill. I'le to our Temple force our way;
And there for her redemption pray:
Her freedome now depends on our return.
In Temples we ſhall nothing gain
From Heav'n, whilſt we of loſs complain:
Wee'l for our Crimes, not for our Loſſes, mourn. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Solyman, Pirrhus.*

Soly. Let us no more the *Rhodians* flight purſue;
Who ſince below our anger, need our care.
Compaſſion is to vanquiſht Valour due
Which was not cruel in ſucceſsfull Warr.
Pirrh. Our *Sultan* does his pow'r from Heav'n derive,
'Tis rais'd above the reach of human force:
It could not elſe with ſoft compaſſion thrive:
For few are gain'd or mended by remorſe.
The world is wicked grown, and wicked men
(Since jealous ſtill of thoſe whom they have harm'd)
Are but enabled to offend agen
When they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

Enter *Muſtapha, Ruſtan.*

Muſt. The *Rhodians* will no more in Arms appear:
They now are loſt before they loſe their Town.
Ruſt. They may their Standards hide and Enſigns tear:
For what's the Body when the Soul is gone?
Muſt. The Pris'ner whom in doubtfull fight we took
(Who long maintain'd the ſtrife,
For freedome more than life)
Is young *Alphonſo*, the *Sicilian* Duke.
Soly. Fortune could never find, if ſhe had Eyes,
A Preſent for me which I more would prize. [*Enter* Haly.
Haly. Your Boſom-ſlave (the Creature which your pow'r
Has made in all the world the greateſt Wife)
Did all this dang'rous Night kneel and implore
That Heav'n would give you length of happy life,
In meaſure to your breadth of ſpreading Fame,
And to the heighth of *Ottamans* high name.

Tell

Soly. Tell *Roxolana* I eſteem her love
So much that I her anger fear;
And whilſt with paſſion I the one approve
The other I with temper bear.
Haly. She charg'd me not to undertake t' expreſs
With how much grief her Eyes did melt
When ſhe this Night your dangers felt;
Nor how much joy ſhe ſhew'd at your Succeſs.
She hears that you have Priſ'ner took
The bold *Sicilian* Duke:
And begs he may be ſtrait at her diſpoſe;
That you may try how ſhe can uſe your Foes.
Soly. This furious *Rhodian* Sally could not be
Provokt but by his Jealouſie of me.
Muſt. He wanted honour who could yours ſuſpect.
Pirrh. The raſh, by Jealouſie, themſelves detect.
Soly. His jealouſie ſhall meet with puniſhment.
Convay him ſtrait to *Roxolana*'s Tent. [*Exit* Pirrhus.
But, *Haly*, know, the fair *Ianthe* muſt
Be ſafe, and free, who did my honour truſt.
You want no Mutes, nor can they want good skill
To torture or diſpatch thoſe whom they Kill.
But ſince this Duke's renown did ſpread and riſe
(Who in attempt at Night
Has often ſcap'd my ſight)
Take care that I may ſee him e're he Dyes.

[Exeunt *ſeveral ways.*

The

The Scene returns to *Roxolana*'s Pavilion.

Enter *Ianthe* in her Night Dreſs.

Iant. IN this Pavilion all have been alarm'd.
The Eunuchs, Mutes, and very Dwarfs were arm'd.
The *Rhodians* have a fatal Sally made;
And many now, to ſhun
The griefs of Love, are run
Through nights dark walks to Death's deteſted ſhade.
An Eunuch lately cry'd, *Alphonſo*'s ſlain;
Now others change my grief,
And give ſome ſmall relief,
By new report that he's but Priſ'ner ta'ne.
Where, my afflicted Lord,
Is thy victorious Sword?
For now (though 'twas too weak to reſcue thee)
It might ſucceſsfull grow
If thy triumphant Foe
Would make an end of Love by ending me.

Enter *Roxolana*.

Roxol. How fares my Rival, the *Sicilian* Flow'r?
Iant. As wet with Tears as Roſes in a ſhow'r.
Roxol. I brought you Preſents when I ſaw you laſt.
Iant. Preſents? If you have more,
Like thoſe you brought before,
They come too late, unleſs they make great haſte.
Roxol. Are you departing without taking leave?
Iant. I would not you, nor can your Guards deceive.

You'l

Roxol. You'l pay a farewell to a civil Court?
Iant. Souls make their parting Ceremonies ſhort.
Roxol. The Preſent which the *Sultan* ſent before
(Who means to vex your baſhfulneſs no more)
Was to your Lips, and that you did refuſe:
But this is to your Ear. I bring you news.
Iant. I hear, my Lord and *Rhodes* have been too blame.
Roxol. It ſeems you keep intelligence with Fame:
Or with ſome frighted Eunuch, her ſwift Poſt;
Who often has from Camps to Cities brought
The dreadfull News of Battails loſt
Before the Field was fought.
Iant. Then I may hope this is a falſe alarm;
And *Rhodes* has neither done nor taken harm.
Roxol. You may believe *Alphonſo* is not ſlain.
Iant. Bleſt Angel, ſpeak! Nor is he Priſ'ner ta'ne?
Roxol. He is a Priſ'ner, and is given to me.
Iant. Angels are kind, I know you'l ſet him free.
Roxol. He has ſome Wounds, plac'd nobly in his Breaſt.
Iant. You ſoon take back the comfort you have given.
Roxol. They are not deep, and are ſecurely dreſt.
Iant. Now you are good agen! O heal them Heav'n!
Roxol. In Heav'n, *Ianthe*, he may mercy find,
He muſt go thither, and leave you behind.
Iant. I hope I ſhall diſcern your looks leſs ſtrange;
And your expreſſions not ſo full of change. --------
Roxol. Weep'ſt thou for him, whoſe ſawcy Jealouſie
Durſt think the *Sultan* could be falſe to me?
Iant. Though his offence makes him unfit to live,
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.
Roxol. Soft Fool! bred up in narrow Weſtern Courts;
Which are by Subjects ſtorm'd like Paper-Forts:
Italian Courts, fair Inns for forein Poſts;
Where little Princes are but civil Hoſts.
Think'ſt thou that ſhe, who does wide Empire ſway,
Can breed ſuch ſtorms as Lovers ſhow'rs allay?
Can half the World be govern'd by a Mind

That

That ſhews Domeſtick pity, and grows kind?
Iant. Where are thoſe virtuous Vows you lately ſeal'd?
Roxol. I did enjoyn they ſhould not be reveal'd.
Iant. But could you mean they ſhould be broken too?
Roxol. Thoſe Seals were counterfeit, and paſs
For nothing, ſince my Sealing was
But to a Chriſtian when I ſeal'd to you.
Iant. Seal'd by your pretious Lipps? What is ſo ſure
As that which makes the *Sultan*'s heart ſecure?
You to Religion many Temples rere;
Juſtice may find one Lodging in your breaſt.
Roxol. Religion is but publique faſhion here;
And Juſtice is but private intereſt.
Nature our Sex does to revenge incite;
And int'reſt counſels us to keep our own.
Were you not ſent to rule with me at Night?
Love is as ſhy of Partners as the Throne.
Haly, prepare the Pris'ner; he muſt Dye. [*Enter* Haly.
Iant. If any has offended, it is I. -------
O think! think upward on the Thrones above.
Diſdain not mercy, ſince they mercy love.
If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,
This wretched world could not ſubſiſt an how'r.
Excuſe his innocence; and ſeize my life!
Can you miſtake the Husband for the Wife?
Roxol. Are Chriſtian Wives, ſo true, and wondrous kind?
Ianthe, you can never change my Mind:
For I did ever mean to keep my Vow:
Which I renew, and ſeal it faſter now. ----- [*Kiſſes her.*
The *Sultan* franckly gave thy Lord to me;
And I as freely render him to thee.
Iant. To all the world be all your virtues known
More than the Triumphs of your *Sultans* Throne.
Roxol. Send in her Lord, to calm her troubled Breaſt.
} *Exeunt* Roxolana, Haly,
} *ſeveral ways.*
Iant. Now his departing life may ſtay;

But he has Wounds. Yet she did say
They were not deep, and are securely Dreſt.

Enter *Haly*, *Alphonſo*, his Arms bound.

Haly. Fate holds your Dice; and here expect the Caſt.
Your chance, if it be bad, will ſoon be paſt. [*Exit.*

Alph. My doom contains not much diverſity.
To live, to dye, to be a ſlave, or free?
Death ſumms up all! by Dying we remove
From all the frowns of Pow'r, and griefs of Love.
Ianthe, are you here?
I will diſmiſs my fear.
Deaths dreaded Journey I
Have ended e're I Dye.
Death does to Heav'n the virtuous lead;
Which I enjoy ere I am Dead.
For it is Heav'n to me where e're thou art,
And thoſe who meet in Heav'n ſhall never part.

Iant. Stay, ſtay, *Alphonſo*! you proceed too faſt;
For I am chang'd ſince you beheld me laſt.
In *Rhodes* I wholly did myſelf reſign
To ſerve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.
And that you may perceive how ſoon I can
Melt the Obdurate heart of *Solyman*;
Let this confirm your reſtleſs Jealouſie:
You came in bound, and thus I make you free. ---- [*Unbinds him.*

Alph. By this, *Ianthe*, you expreſs no more
Dominion o're me than you had before.
In *Rhodes* I was a Subject to your will:
Your ſmiles preſerv'd me, and your frowns did Kill.

Iant. I know your Tongue too well; which ſhould deceive,
One who had Study'd all the Art
Of Love rather than her whoſe heart

Too

Too ſimply would your very looks believe.
But now you know, that though you are unbound,
Yet ſtill your walk is on the *Sultans* ground.
Alph. *Ianthe*, you are chang'd indeed
If, cruelly, you thus proceed.
Iant. In tracing humane Story we ſhall find
The cruel more ſucceſsfull than the kind.
Whilſt you are here ſubmitted to my ſway,
It ſafe diſcretion were to make you pay
For all thoſe Sighs and Tears my Heart and Eyes
Have loſt to make you loſe your Jealouſies.
But I was bred in Natures ſimple *School*;
And am but Loves great Fool,
With whom you rudely play,
And ſtrike me hard, then ſtroke the pain away. -----
How are your Wounds? I hope you find them ſlight?
Alph. They ſcarce will need the rip'ning of a Night:
Unleſs, ſevere *Ianthe*, you
By chiding me, their pains renew.
Iant. Was it not Jealouſie which brought you here?
Alph. It was my love, conducted by my fear.
Fear of your ſafety, not of virtue, made
The *Rhodians*, by ſurprize, this Camp invade.
In hope, by bringing home great Pris'ners, we
Might ſet the *Rhodians* greater Miſtreſs free.
Iant. The ſafety of *Ianthe* was not worth
That courage which miſ-led the *Rhodians* forth.
The worlds Contagion, Vice, could ne'r infect
The *Sultans* heart: but when you did ſuſpect
His favours were too great for me to take,
You then, *Alphonſo*, did unkindly make
My merit ſmall; as if you knew
There was to that but little due.
Or if he wicked were,
What danger could you fear?
Since Virtues force all vicious pow'r controles,
Lucrece a Ponyard found, and *Porcia* Coals.

Alph. How low to your high virtue ſhall I fall?
Iant. What chance attended in this fatal Night
The *Maſter*, *Marſhal*, and the *Admiral*?
Alph. I loſt them in the thickeſt Miſt of Fight.
Yet did from *Haly* this ſhort comfort get
That they to *Rhodes* have made a brave Retreat.
As Love's great Champions we muſt them adore.
Iant. Be well, *Alphonſo*, I will chide no more.

Enter *Solyman*, *Roxolana*, *Muſtapha*, *Pirrhus*, *Haly*, *Ruſtan*.

Soly. *Haly*, I did declare that I would ſee
The jealous Priſ'ner e're he Dy'd.
Roxol. Look there! you are obey'd. Yet pardon me
Who, e're you pardon'd him, did make him free.
Soly. In this I have your virtue try'd.
If *Roxolana* thus revengeleſs proves
To him whom ſuch a beautious Rival loves,
It does denote ſhe Rivals can endure,
Yet think ſhe ſtill is of my heart ſecure.
Duke, this Example of her truſt may be
A cure for your diſtruſtfull thoughts of me.
You may imbark for the *Sicilian* Coaſt;
And there poſſeſs your Wife when *Rhodes* is loſt.
Alph. Since freedome, which is more than Life, you give
To him, who durſt not ask you leave to Live;
I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave
That, granting freedome, you will Honour ſave.
My honour I ſhall loſe, unleſs I ſhare
In *Rhodes*, the *Rhodians* worſt effects of Warr.
To *Sicily* let chaſte *Ianthe* ſteer;
And ſing long Stories of your virtue there:
Whilſt, by your mercy ſent, to *Rhodes* I go,
To be in *Rhodes* your Suppliant, not your Foe.

Alphonſo,

Iant. *Alphonſo*, I have honour too;
Which calls me back to *Rhodes* with you.
Were this, through tenderneſs, by you deny'd
For ſoft concerns of Life,
Yet gracious *Solyman* will ne'r divide
The Husband from the Wife.
Soly. Both may to *Rhodes* return: But it is juſt
That you, who nobly did my honour truſt,
(Without my Paſs, or plighted Word)
Should more by your advent'rous viſit get
Than Empires int'reſt would afford,
Or you expected when you came to Treat.
Go back *Ianthe*; make your own
Conditions boldly for the Town.
I am content it ſhould recorded be,
That, when I vanquiſht *Rhodes*, you Conquer'd me.
Iant. Not Fames free Voice, nor laſting Numbers can
Diſperſe, or keep, enough of *Solyman*.
Soly. From Lovers Beds, and Thrones of Monarchs, fly
Thou ever waking Madneſs, Jealouſie.
And ſtill, to Natures Darling, Love
(That all the World may happy prove)
Let Giant-Virtue be the watchfull Guard,
Honour, the cautious Guide, and ſure reward:
Honour, adorn'd in ſuch a Poets Song
As may preſcribe to Fame
What loyal Lovers name
Shall farr be ſpread, and ſhall continue long.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THough, baſhfully, we fear to give offence;
Yet, pray allow our Poet confidence.
He has the priv'lege of old Servants got;
Who are comniv'd at, and have leave to Doat;
To boaſt paſt ſervice, and be chol'rique too,
Till they believe at laſt that all they do
Does far above their Maſters Judgments grow:
Much like to theirs, is his preſumption now.
For free, aſſur'd, and bold his Brow appears,
Becauſe, he ſerv'd your Fathers many years.
He ſays he pleas'd them too, but he may find,
Tou Wits; not of your Duller-Fathers mind.
Which, well conſider'd Miſtreſs Muſe *will then*
Wiſh for her old Gallants at Fri'rs agen;

Rather

Rather than be by thoſe neglected here,
Whoſe Fathers civilly did Court her there.
But as old Miſtreſſes, who meet diſdain,
Forbear through Pride, or Prudence, to complain;
And ſatisfie their hearts, when they are ſad,
With thoughts of former Lovers they have had:
Even ſo poor Madam-Muſe this night muſt bear,
With equal pulſe, the fits of hope and fear;
And never will againſt your Paſſion ſtrive:
But, being old, and therefore Narrative,
Comfort her ſelf with telling Tales, too long,
Of many Plaudits had when ſhe was young.

FINIS.